THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™
YOE® COMICS
MADAM CLIZIA
HAUNTED HORROR™
#11
$3.99

MADAM CLIZIA
FOR ALL OF YOU, TORTURED SOULS, I BRING YOU ANOTHER HIDEOUS ISSUE OF HAUNTED HORROR. MAY THIS COMIC BOOK BE FOR YOU LIKE A RAY OF SUN FOR A... VAMPIRE!
Art by
Drazen Kozjan
drazen

Look for another spine-tingling issue of *Haunted Horror* in two months!

If you collect horror comics and other Golden Age fare, we're always looking for scans for use in our books and comics. Please contact Craig Yoe through Facebook.

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On the cover, *Mister Mystery* Vol. 6 #3, December 1946. Artist: Warren Kremer.

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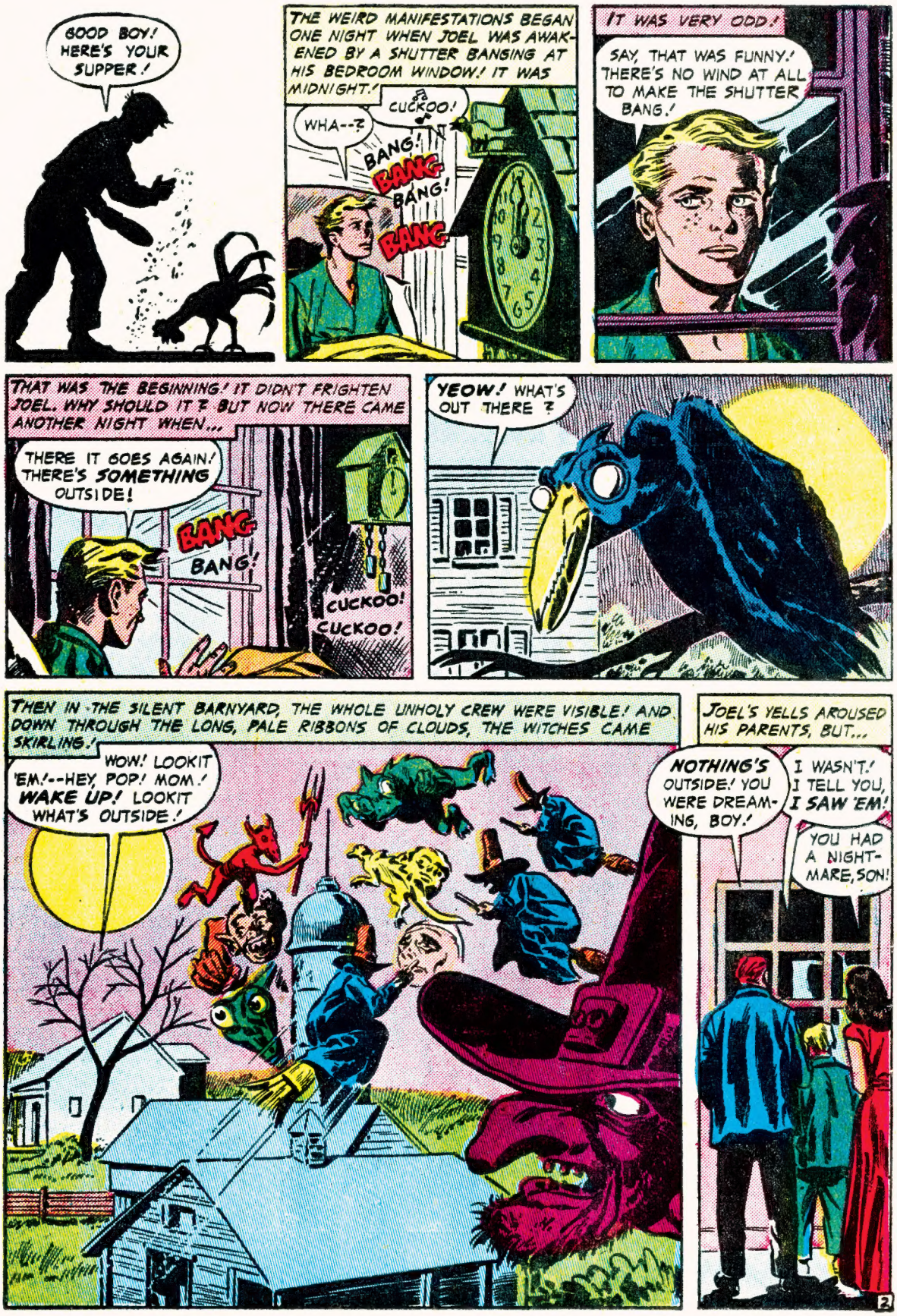
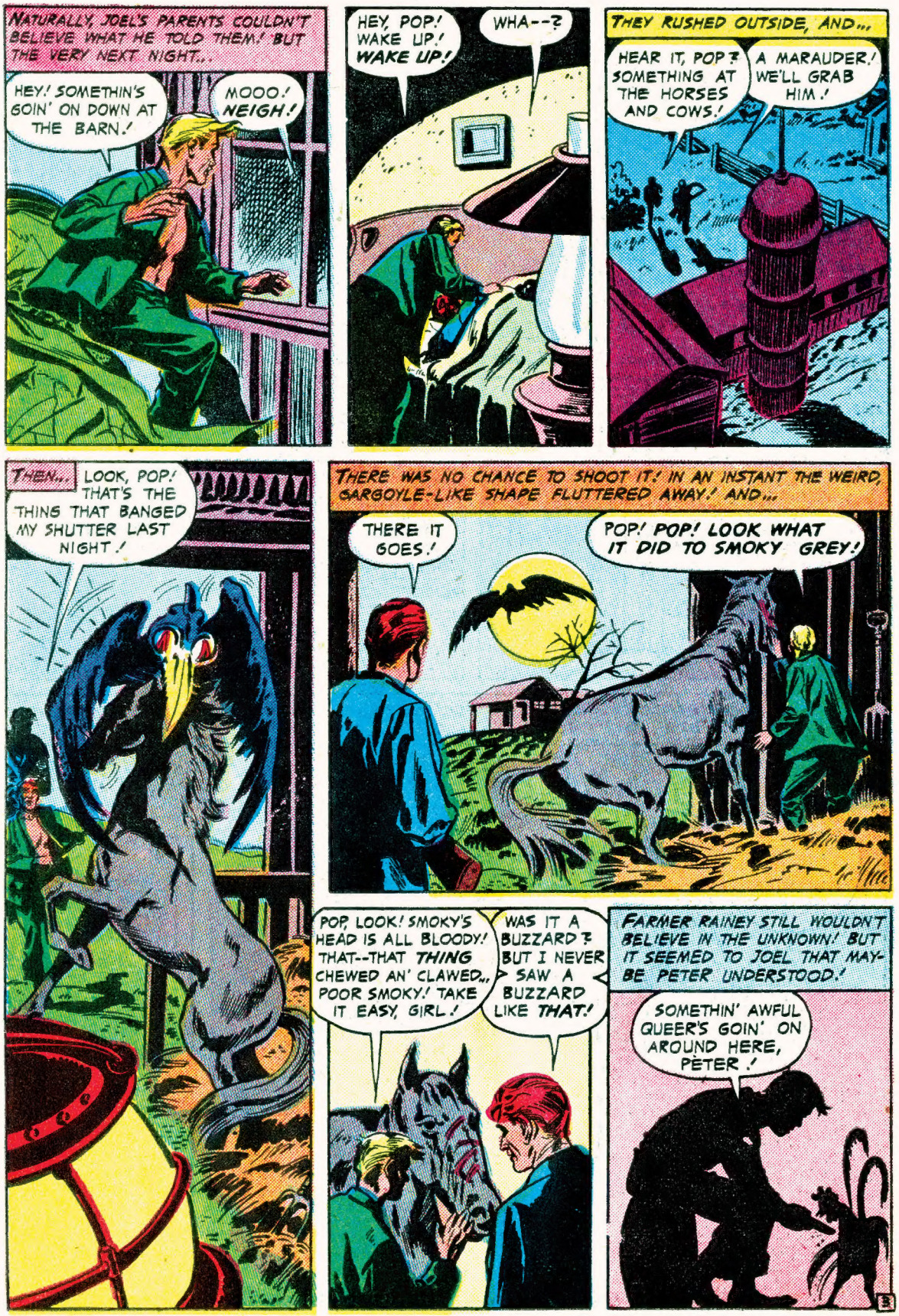
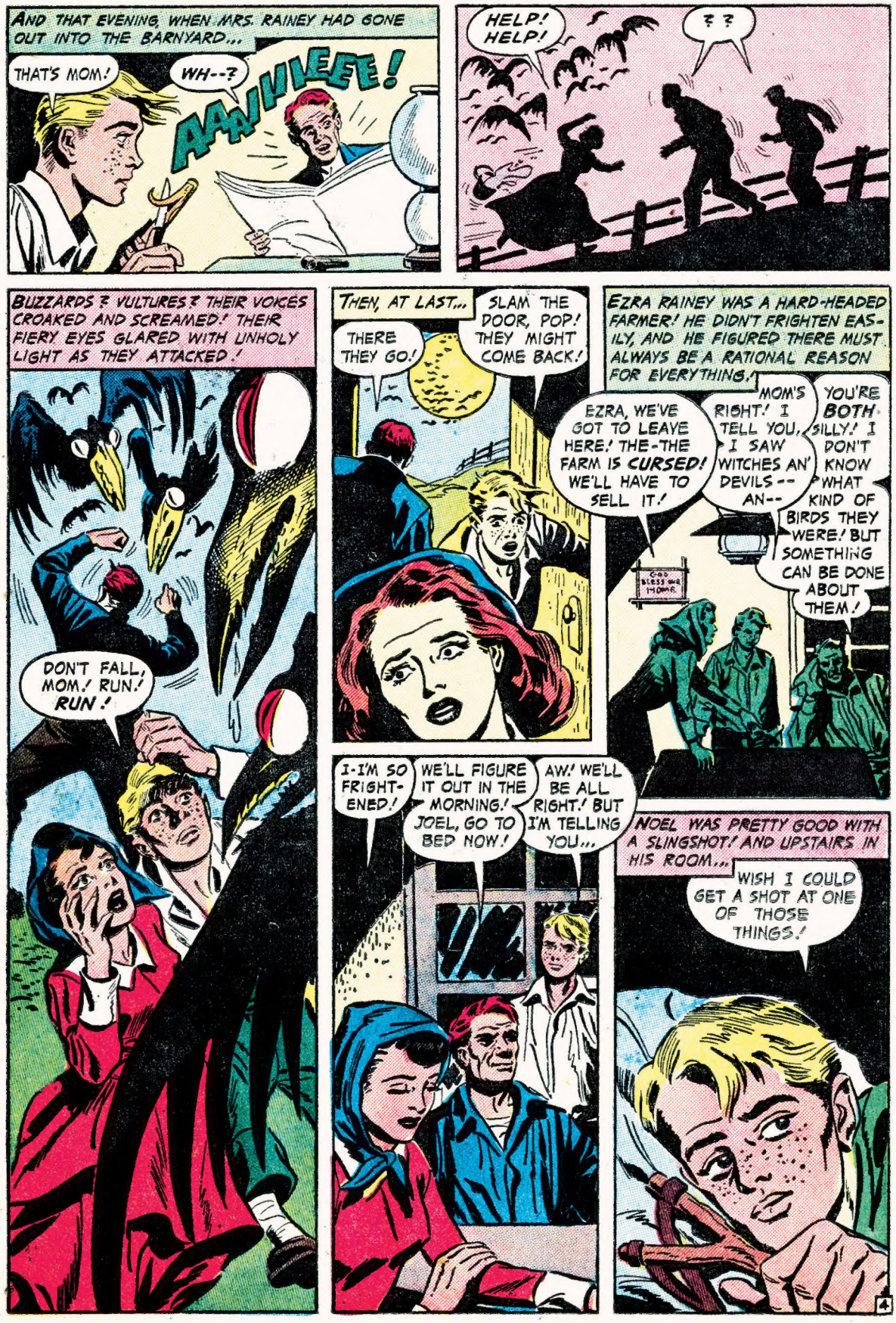
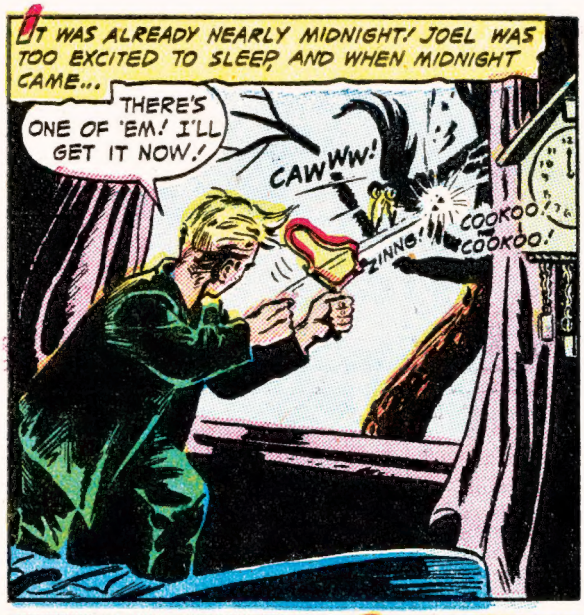
THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!
NODEL
ALASCIA
THE FARM OF EZRA RAINEY WAS BEWITCHED! OUT OF THE BLACK VOID OF THE UNKNOWN, STRANGE AND DIABOLIC SHAPES CAME TO MENACE THE PEACEFUL FARMER AND HIS FAMILY! GRISLY TERROR STRUCK AT THEM WHEN THEY LEARNED THAT... "THE WITCHES COME AT MIDNIGHT!"
THIS IS REALLY THE STRANGE STORY OF JOEL RAINEY-- AND HIS PET ROOSTER!
NOW, PETER, YOU PAY ATTENTION! YOU DO IT RIGHT AN' I'LL FEED YOU LOTS OF CORN! READY, NOW!
PETER WAS VERY INTELLIGENT! JOEL HAD TAUGHT HIM LOTS OF TRICKS! LIKE THIS ONE, WHEN AT THE MAGIC WORD PETER WOULD CROW LUSTILY!
GAZAM!
11

City of the Living Dead, 1952. Pencils: Norman Nodel; inks: Vince Alascia. Publisher: Avon.


GOOD BOY! HERE'S YOUR SUPPER!
THE WEIRD MANIFESTATIONS BEGAN ONE NIGHT WHEN JOEL WAS AWAKENED BY A SHUTTER BANGING AT HIS BEDROOM WINDOW! IT WAS MIDNIGHT!
CUCKOO!
WHA--?
BANG!
BANG
BANG!
BANG
IT WAS VERY ODD!
SAY, THAT WAS FUNNY! THERE'S NO WIND AT ALL TO MAKE THE SHUTTER BANG!
THAT WAS THE BEGINNING! IT DIDN'T FRIGHTEN JOEL. WHY SHOULD IT? BUT NOW THERE CAME ANOTHER NIGHT WHEN...
THERE IT GOES AGAIN! THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE!
BANG
BANG!
CUCKOO!
CUCKOO!
YEOW! WHAT'S OUT THERE?
THEN IN THE SILENT BARNYARD, THE WHOLE UNHOLY CREW WERE VISIBLE! AND DOWN THROUGH THE LONG, PALE RIBBONS OF CLOUDS, THE WITCHES CAME SKIRLING!
WOW! LOOKIT 'EM!--HEY, POP! MOM! WAKE UP! LOOKIT WHAT'S OUTSIDE!
JOEL'S YELLS AROUSED HIS PARENTS, BUT...
NOTHING'S OUTSIDE! YOU WERE DREAMING, BOY!
I WASN'T! I TELL YOU, I SAW 'EM!
YOU HAD A NIGHTMARE, SON!
2

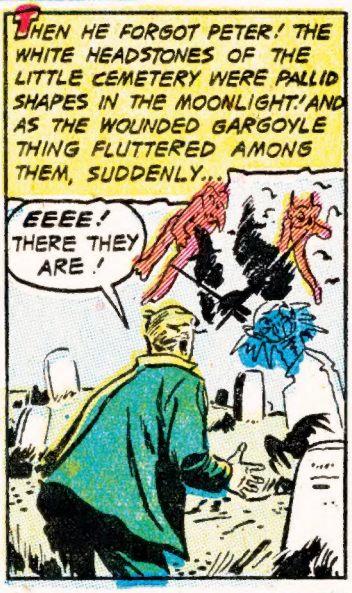

NATURALLY, JOEL'S PARENTS COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT HE TOLD THEM! BUT THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...
HEY! SOMETHIN'S GOIN' ON DOWN AT THE BARN!
MOOO! NEIGH!
HEY, POP! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
WHA--?
THEY RUSHED OUTSIDE, AND...
HEAR IT, POP? SOMETHING AT THE HORSES AND COWS!
A MARAUDER! WE'LL GRAB HIM!
THEN...
LOOK, POP! THAT'S THE THING THAT BANGED MY SHUTTER LAST NIGHT!
THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO SHOOT IT! IN AN INSTANT THE WEIRD, GARGOYLE-LIKE SHAPE FLUTTERED AWAY! AND...
THERE IT GOES!
POP! POP! LOOK WHAT IT DID TO SMOKY GREY!
POP, LOOK! SMOKY'S HEAD IS ALL BLOODY! THAT--THAT THING CHEWED AN' CLAWED... POOR SMOKY! TAKE IT EASY, GIRL!
WAS IT A BUZZARD? BUT I NEVER SAW A BUZZARD LIKE THAT!
FARMER RAINEY STILL WOULDN'T BELIEVE IN THE UNKNOWN! BUT IT SEEMED TO JOEL THAT MAYBE PETER UNDERSTOOD!
SOMETHIN' AWFUL QUEER'S GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, PETER!
3

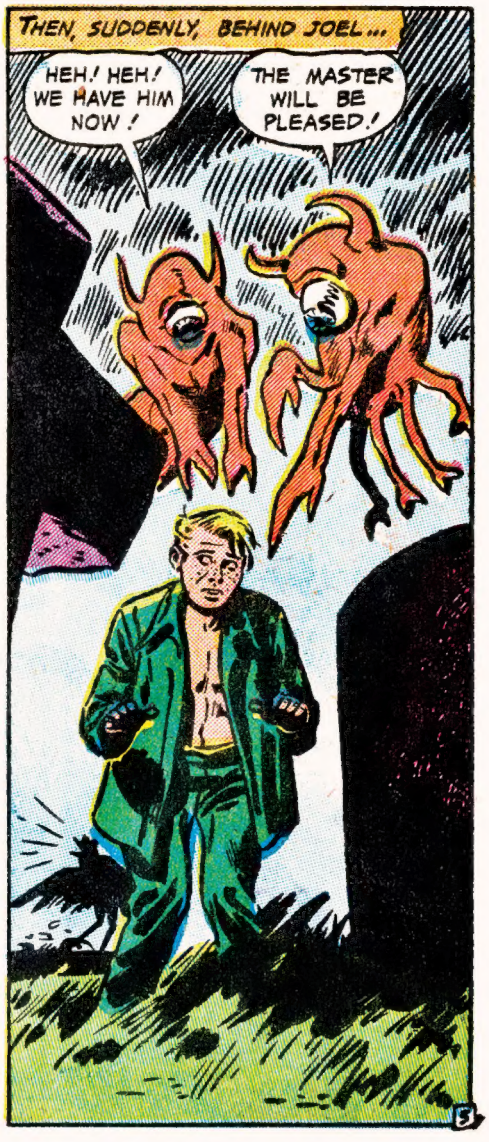

AND THAT EVENING, WHEN MRS. RAINEY HAD GONE OUT INTO THE BARNYARD...
THAT'S MOM!
WH--?
AAAVVEEE!
HELP! HELP!
? ?
BUZZARDS? VULTURES? THEIR VOICES CROAKED AND SCREAMED! THEIR FIERY EYES GLARED WITH UNHOLY LIGHT AS THEY ATTACKED!
DON'T FALL, MOM! RUN! RUN!
THEN, AT LAST...
THERE THEY GO!
SLAM THE DOOR, POP! THEY MIGHT COME BACK!
EZRA RAINEY WAS A HARD-HEADED FARMER! HE DIDN'T FRIGHTEN EASILY, AND HE FIGURED THERE MUST ALWAYS BE A RATIONAL REASON FOR EVERYTHING.
EZRA, WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE HERE! THE-THE FARM IS CURSED! WE'LL HAVE TO SELL IT!
MOM'S RIGHT! I TELL YOU, I SAW WITCHES AN' DEVILS -- AN--
YOU'RE BOTH SILLY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF BIRDS THEY WERE! BUT SOMETHING CAN BE DONE ABOUT THEM!
GOD BLESS OUR HOME
I-I'M SO FRIGHTENED!
WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING! JOEL, GO TO BED NOW!
AW! WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! BUT I'M TELLING YOU...
NOEL WAS PRETTY GOOD WITH A SLINGSHOT! AND UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM...
WISH I COULD GET A SHOT AT ONE OF THOSE THINGS!
4

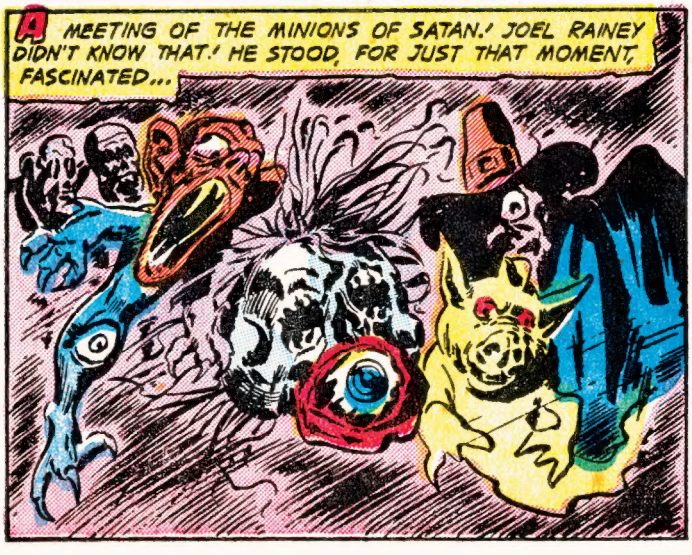

IT WAS ALREADY NEARLY MIDNIGHT! JOEL WAS TOO EXCITED TO SLEEP, AND WHEN MIDNIGHT CAME...
THERE'S ONE OF 'EM! I'LL GET IT NOW!
CAWWW!
ZINNG!
COOKOO! COOKOO!

THE WEIRD BIRD FELL TO THE GROUND! AND AS JOEL SCURRIED DOWNSTAIRS...
GUESS I ONLY WOUNDED IT! LOOKS LIKE IT CAN'T FLY!

AND AS JOEL FOLLOWED THE SCURRYING THING, SUDDENLY BEHIND HIM...
IT'S HEADIN' FOR THE CEMETERY!... HEY, PETER'S FOLLOWIN' ME! YOU GO BACK, PETER! I GOT NO CORN TO FEED YOU-- ISN'T TIME FOR EATING, ANYWAY!
CLUCK! CLUCK!


THEN HE FORGOT PETER! THE WHITE HEADSTONES OF THE LITTLE CEMETERY WERE PALLID SHAPES IN THE MOONLIGHT! AND AS THE WOUNDED GARGOYLE THING FLUTTERED AMONG THEM, SUDDENLY...
EEEE! THERE THEY ARE!


THEN, SUDDENLY, BEHIND JOEL...
HEH! HEH! WE HAVE HIM NOW!
THE MASTER WILL BE PLEASED!

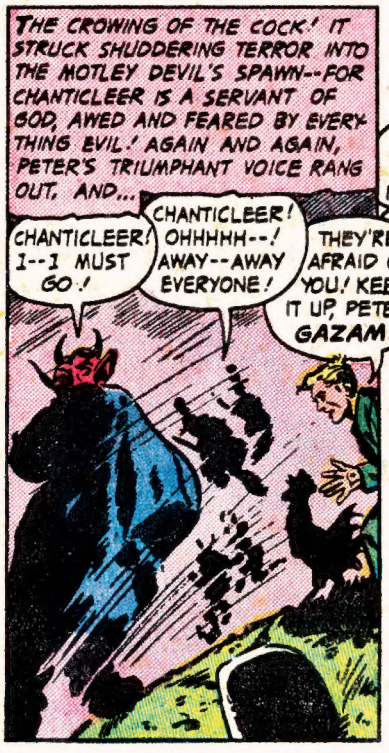

A MEETING OF THE MINIONS OF SATAN! JOEL RAINEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT! HE STOOD, FOR JUST THAT MOMENT, FASCINATED...

AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT...
HERE HE IS, MASTER!
SO? HEH-HEH! HE IS GOOD, YOU SAY? HE SHALL MEET THE PUNISHMENT HE DESERVES!

YOU COME OF A GOOD FAMILY, THEY SAY! I HATE GOOD PEOPLE! I AM THEIR ENEMY, SWORN TO DESTROY THEM AND THEIR RIGHTEOUSNESS! SLAVE, PREPARE HIM FOR HIS DOOM!

NOW THEY WERE HEAPING BRUSHWOOD AROUND HIM, AND THE CAULDRONS WERE BUBBLING! JOEL WAS ALMOST TOO FRIGHTENED TO THINK...
HURRY! HURRY! THE TORCH! BRING ME THE TORCH!
..OHHH--THERE'S PETER! HE FOLLOWED ME...

SUDDENLY AN IDEA CAME TO THE TERRIFIED JOEL, AND...
READY, NOW, PETER? GAZAM!
WHA--?
COCK-A-DOODLE DOO!


THE CROWING OF THE COCK! IT STRUCK SHUDDERING TERROR INTO THE MOTLEY DEVIL'S SPAWN--FOR CHANTICLEER IS A SERVANT OF GOD, AWED AND FEARED BY EVERYTHING EVIL! AGAIN AND AGAIN, PETER'S TRIUMPHANT VOICE RANG OUT, AND...
CHANTICLEER! I--I MUST GO!
CHANTICLEER! OHHHHH--! AWAY--AWAY EVERYONE!
THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU! KEEP IT UP, PETER! GAZAM!

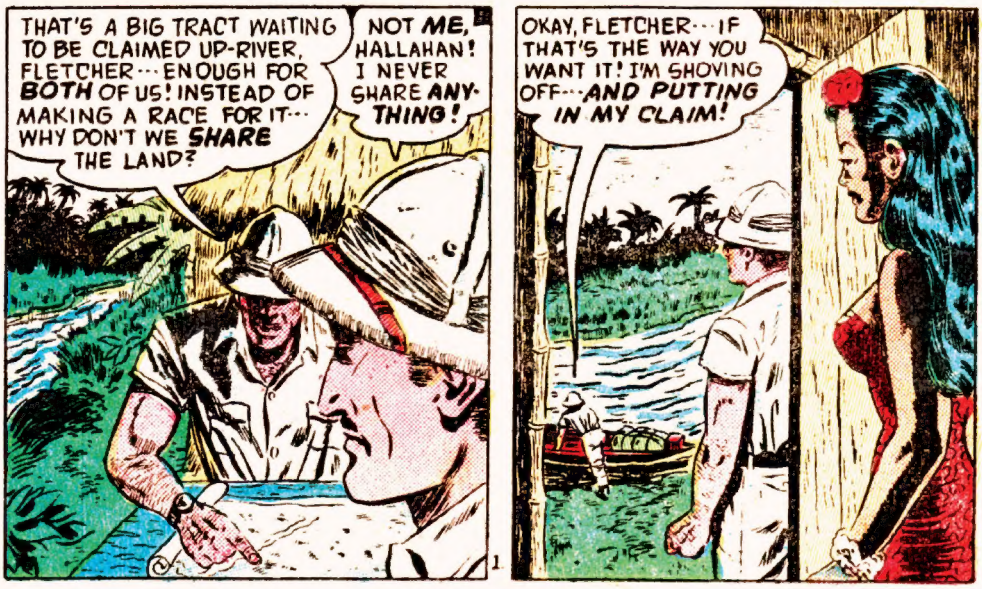
LIKE MIST FADING BEFORE SUNLIGHT, IN A MOMENT THEY WERE GONE! AND PRESENTLY, BACK AT THE FARMHOUSE...
JOEL! DON'T TALK SUCH NONSENSE! PUT PETER OUTSIDE AN' GET TO BED!
ANOTHER NIGHTMARE! HE'S SO FANCIFUL NOW, JOEL...
HONEST, IT'S THE TRUTH! THEY'RE AFRAID OF PETER! NOTHIN' MORE THAT'S BAD WILL HAPPEN TO US! YOU'LL SEE!

AND NOTHING DID! THERE HAVE BEEN NO MORE EVIL MANIFESTATIONS AT THE RAINEY FARM SINCE THAT LAST WEIRD NIGHT! PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE JOEL EITHER, BUT...
BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE, PETER?

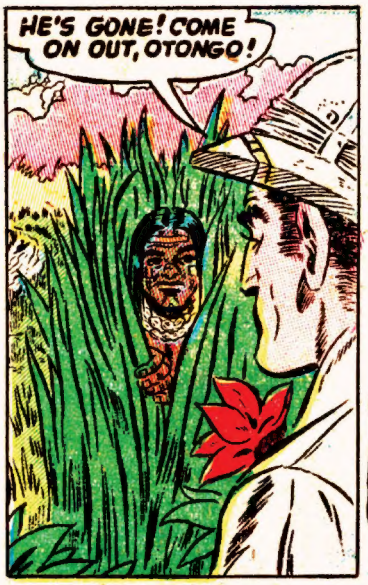
Is it too late to tell the truth about the hideous secret I've lived with for twelve years? But even if time is short and horror is coming closer··· I've got to free my conscience of the thing I fear···

HALLAHAN'S HEAD!

To begin with···I had nothing against Hallahan···except business! It was back in 1941··· when Brazil opened thousands of acres of virgin jungle for war-time rubber production!


THAT'S A BIG TRACT WAITING TO BE CLAIMED UP-RIVER, FLETCHER···ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US! INSTEAD OF MAKING A RACE FOR IT··· WHY DON'T WE SHARE THE LAND?
NOT ME, HALLAHAN! I NEVER SHARE ANYTHING!
OKAY, FLETCHER···IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT! I'M SHOVING OFF···AND PUTTING IN MY CLAIM!

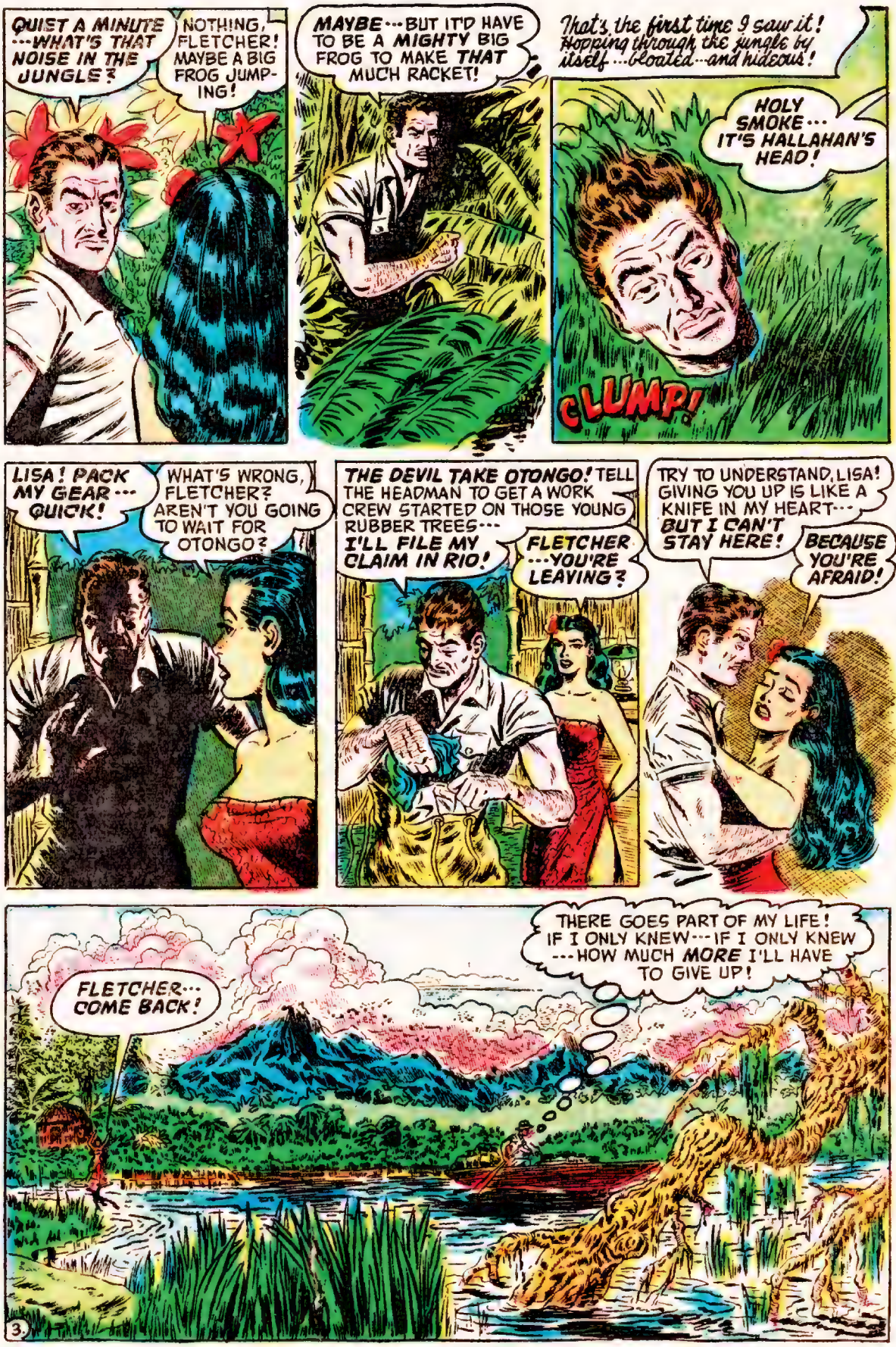
Forbidden Worlds #25, January 1954. Artist: Ken Landau. Publisher: ACG.

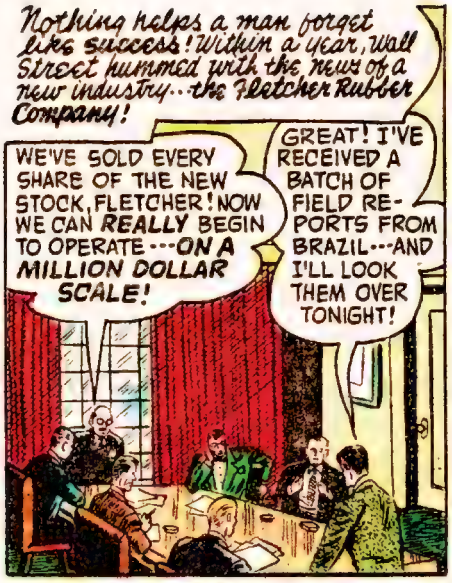


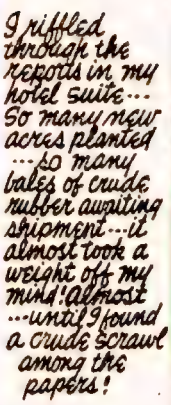
GET AFTER HIM---AND KILL HIM! BUT I WANT PROOF, OTONGO--- I WANT HALLAHAN'S HEAD!
NOTHING STOP OTONGO! LET STARS FALL--- LET EARTH SHAKE--- YOU WILL GET HEAD!

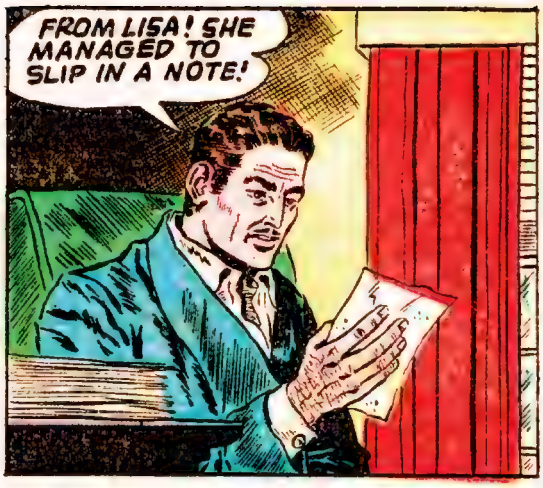
That night--- distant drums beat out the news of Hallahan's death! From now on it would be easy--- the land was mine! I remember now how happy I was during the week that passed---waiting for Otongo---with Lisa!

YOU WILL SOON BE RICH MAN, FLETCHER! THEN YOU WILL LEAVE JUNGLE---AND FORGET LISA!
NOT A CHANCE, BABY! YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE STATES WITH ME AND LIVE LIKE A QUEEN--- I'LL NEVER GIVE YOU UP!
2.


QUIET A MINUTE ···WHAT'S THAT NOISE IN THE JUNGLE?
NOTHING, FLETCHER! MAYBE A BIG FROG JUMPING!
MAYBE···BUT IT'D HAVE TO BE A MIGHTY BIG FROG TO MAKE THAT MUCH RACKET!
That's the first time I saw it! Hopping through the jungle by itself···bloated···and hideous!
HOLY SMOKE··· IT'S HALLAHAN'S HEAD!
CLUMP!
LISA! PACK MY GEAR··· QUICK!
WHAT'S WRONG, FLETCHER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO WAIT FOR OTONGO?
THE DEVIL TAKE OTONGO! TELL THE HEADMAN TO GET A WORK CREW STARTED ON THOSE YOUNG RUBBER TREES··· I'LL FILE MY CLAIM IN RIO!
FLETCHER ···YOU'RE LEAVING?
TRY TO UNDERSTAND, LISA! GIVING YOU UP IS LIKE A KNIFE IN MY HEART··· BUT I CAN'T STAY HERE!
BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID!
FLETCHER··· COME BACK!
THERE GOES PART OF MY LIFE! IF I ONLY KNEW···IF I ONLY KNEW ···HOW MUCH MORE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP!

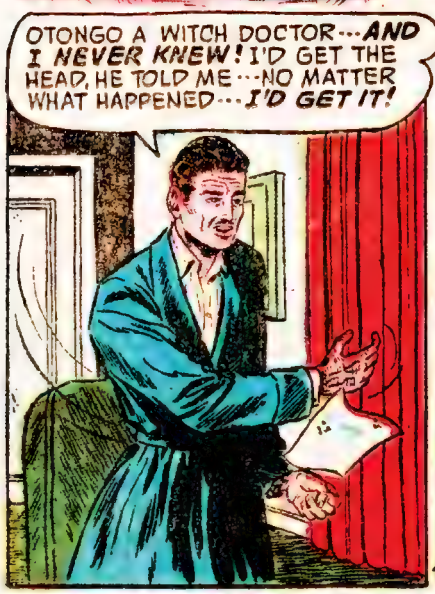

Nothing helps a man forget like success! Within a year, Wall Street hummed with the news of a new industry...the Fletcher Rubber Company!
WE'VE SOLD EVERY SHARE OF THE NEW STOCK, FLETCHER! NOW WE CAN REALLY BEGIN TO OPERATE---ON A MILLION DOLLAR SCALE!
GREAT! I'VE RECEIVED A BATCH OF FIELD REPORTS FROM BRAZIL---AND I'LL LOOK THEM OVER TONIGHT!

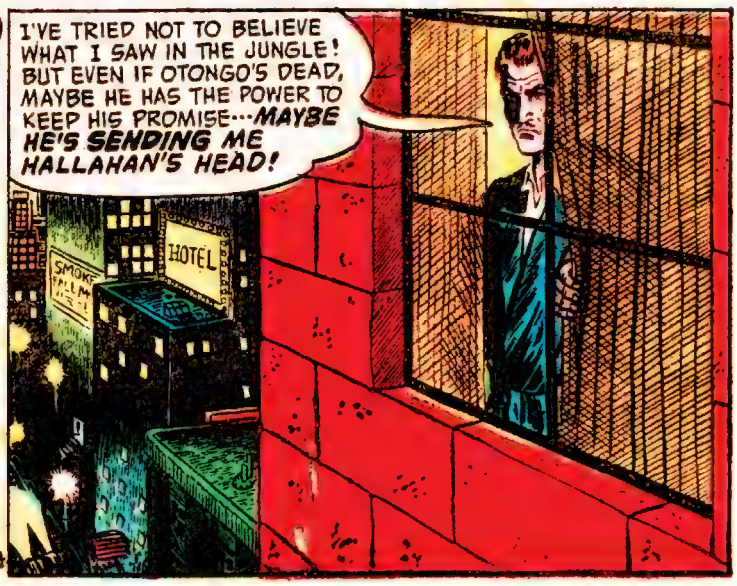

I riffled through the reports in my hotel suite... So many new acres planted ...so many bales of crude rubber awaiting shipment...it almost took a weight off my mind! Almost ...until I found a crude scrawl among the papers!


FROM LISA! SHE MANAGED TO SLIP IN A NOTE!

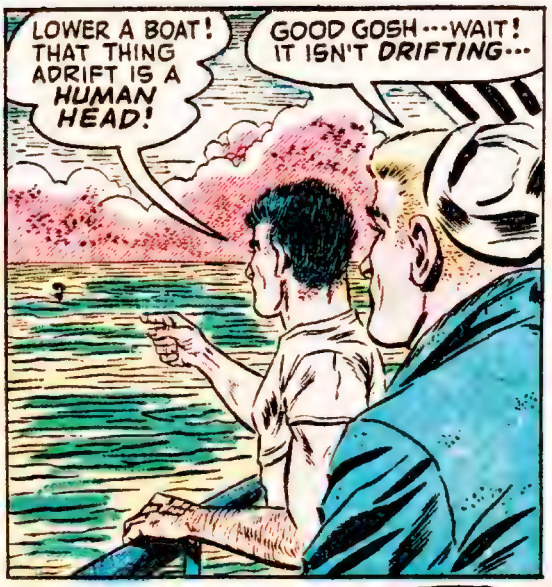
I STILL WEEP FOR YOU, FLETCHER! IF I COULD, I WOULD BEG OTONGO'S HELP TO BRING YOU BACK---BECAUSE OTONGO WAS A POWERFUL WITCH DOCTOR!

BUT OTONGO IS GONE--- HE WAS KILLED BY A JAGUAR WHEN HUNTERS FOUND HIM---LYING NEAR A BODY THAT HAD NO HEAD!

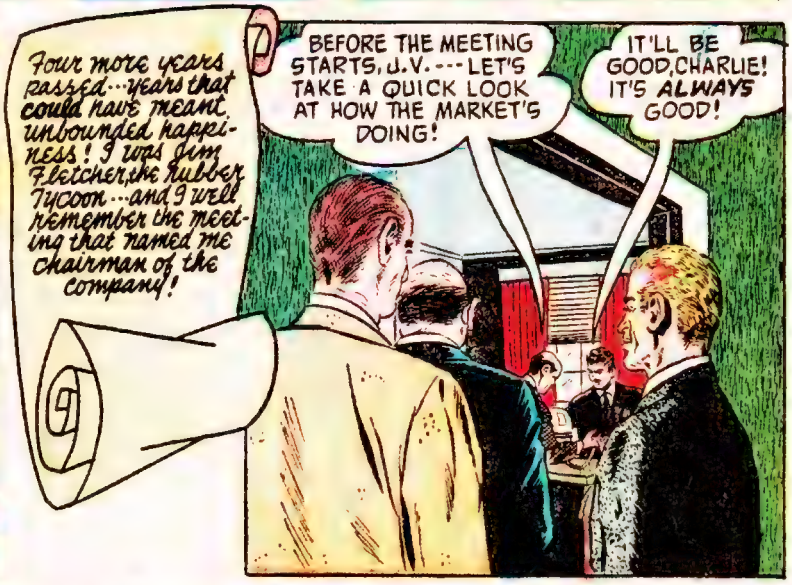

OTONGO A WITCH DOCTOR---AND I NEVER KNEW! I'D GET THE HEAD, HE TOLD ME---NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENED---I'D GET IT!

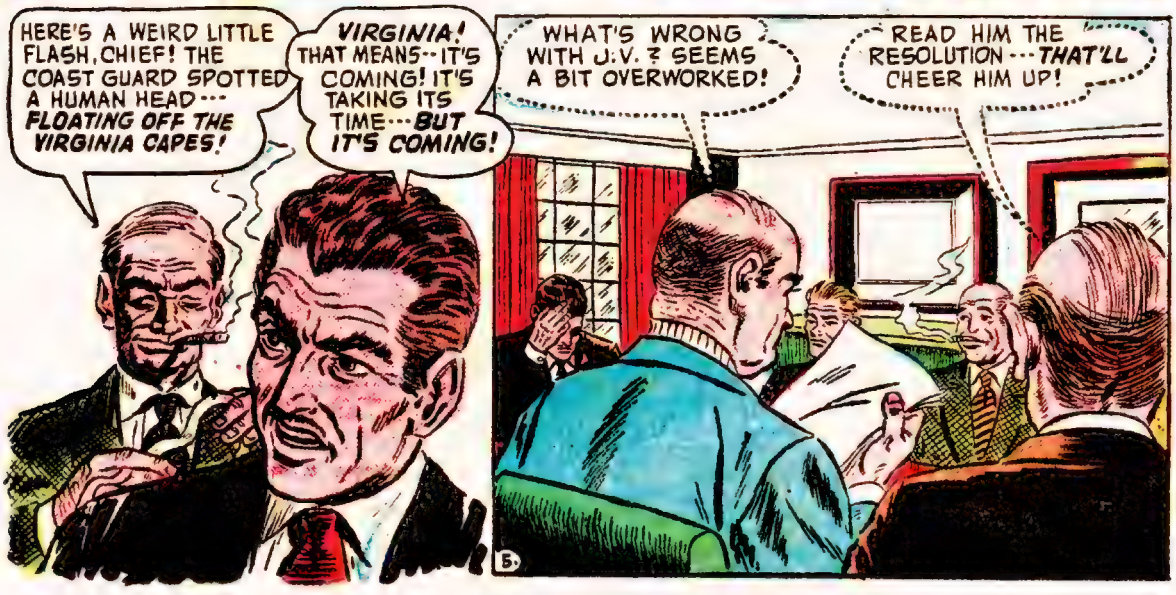

I'VE TRIED NOT TO BELIEVE WHAT I SAW IN THE JUNGLE! BUT EVEN IF OTONGO'S DEAD, MAYBE HE HAS THE POWER TO KEEP HIS PROMISE---MAYBE HE'S SENDING ME HALLAHAN'S HEAD!
HOTEL

A strange thing happened three years later off the coast of Flouda... and you probably read the newspaper item! I know I did... a hundred times!



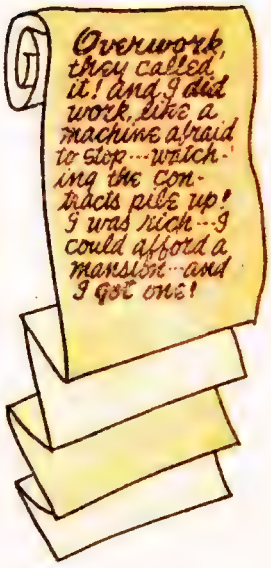
MAYBE THEY THINK THOSE SAILORS WERE DRUNK···OR CRAZY! BUT I KNOW WHOSE HEAD IT WAS···AND WHERE IT'S GOING!
FLETCHER RUBBER Co
J.V. FLETCHE
PRESIDENT
PRIVATE

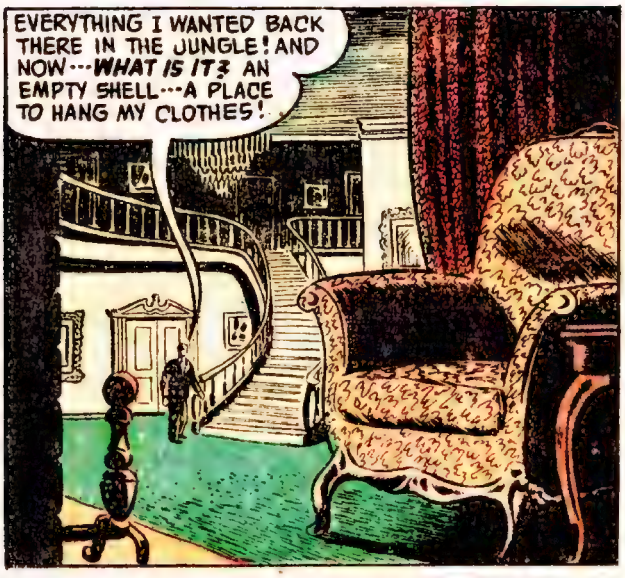

Four more years passed···years that could have meant unbounded happiness! I was Jim Fletcher, the Rubber Tycoon···and I well remember the meeting that named me chairman of the company!
BEFORE THE MEETING STARTS, J.V.···LET'S TAKE A QUICK LOOK AT HOW THE MARKET'S DOING!
IT'LL BE GOOD, CHARLIE! IT'S ALWAYS GOOD!


HERE'S A WEIRD LITTLE FLASH, CHIEF! THE COAST GUARD SPOTTED A HUMAN HEAD··· FLOATING OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPES!
VIRGINIA! THAT MEANS··IT'S COMING! IT'S TAKING ITS TIME···BUT IT'S COMING!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH J.V.? SEEMS A BIT OVERWORKED!
READ HIM THE RESOLUTION···THAT'LL CHEER HIM UP!
5.

AS HEAD OF THE FIRM, J.V. FLETCHER HAS PLACED US AHEAD OF THE INDUSTRY! OUR WORKERS PRODUCE MORE PER HEAD--- OUR FOREMEN ARE HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE AVERAGE ---AND IF CONDITIONS COME TO A HEAD---

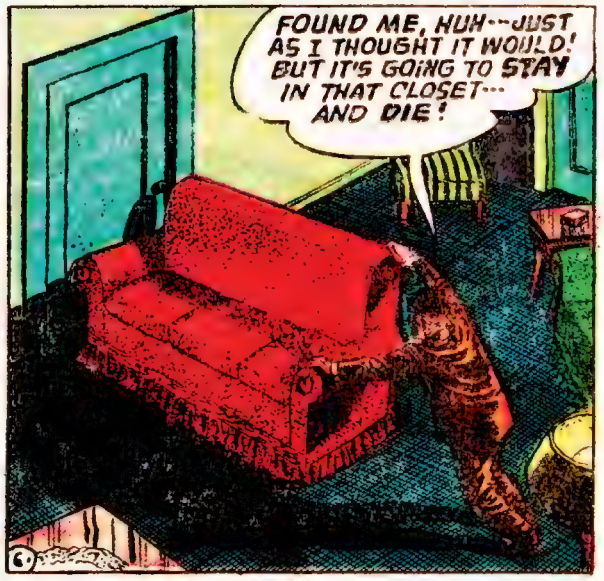
HEAD---HEAD---HEAD! YOU FAT IDIOT---IS THAT THE ONLY WORD IN YOUR VOCABULARY?


Overwork, they called it! and I did work, like a machine afraid to stop---watching the contracts pile up! I was rich---I could afford a mansion---and I got one!


EVERYTHING I WANTED BACK THERE IN THE JUNGLE! AND NOW---WHAT IS IT? AN EMPTY SHELL---A PLACE TO HANG MY CLOTHES!

AAAGH!

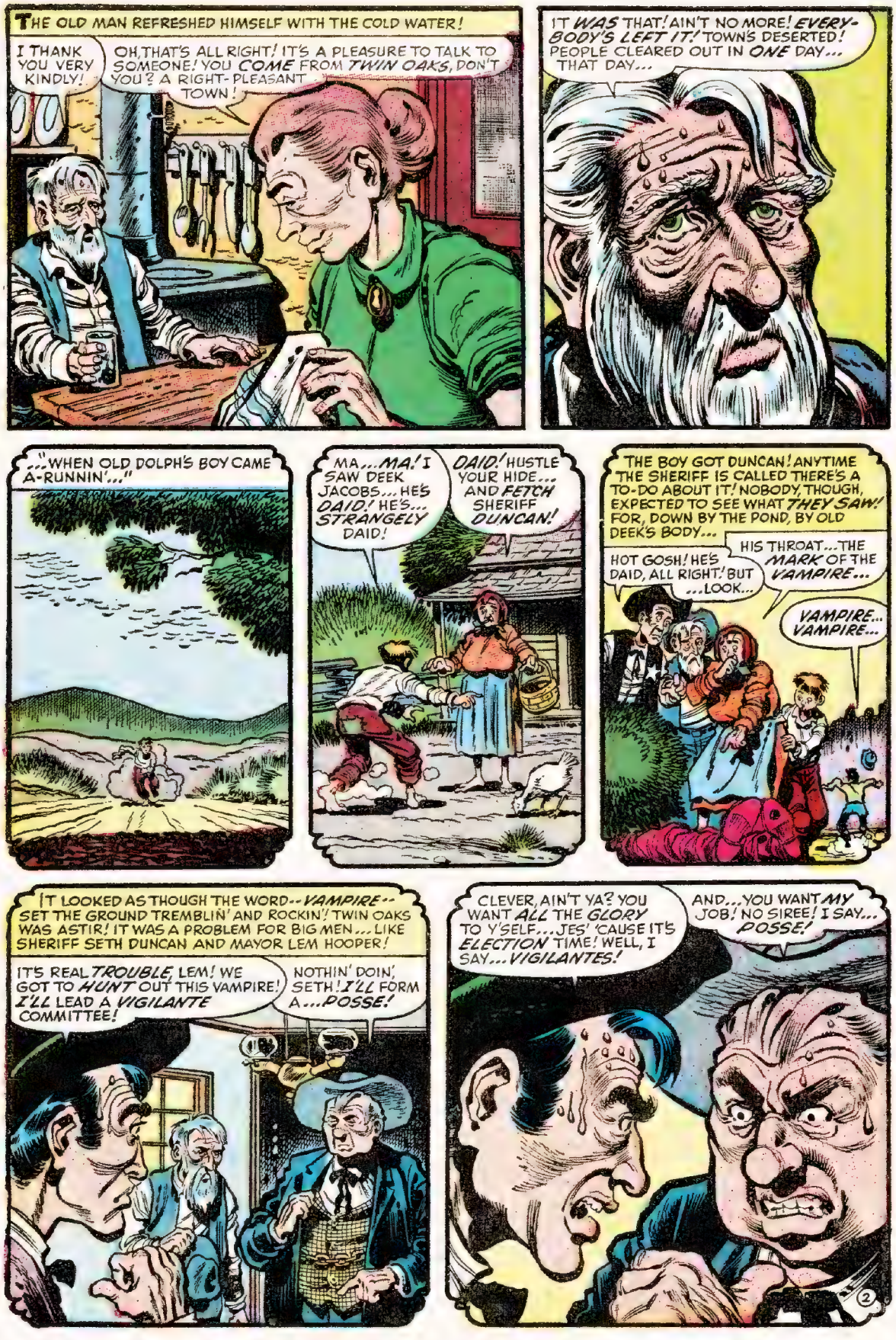
SLAM!
CLICK!


FOUND ME, HUH---JUST AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD! BUT IT'S GOING TO STAY IN THAT CLOSET--- AND DIE!

YOU WANT US TO DYNAMITE THE MANSION? BUT YOU MUST BE JOKING, MR. FLETCHER---YOU JUST PAID US $200,000 TO BUILD THE PLACE!
IT'S MY MONEY, ISN'T IT? I WANT A DEMOLITION CREW OUT HERE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING--- UNDERSTAND?
IT'S YOUR SAY-SO, MR. FLETCHER---SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO CHANGE YOUR MIND?
LET HER RIP!
BOOOM!
THERE GOES EVERY CENT OF MY SAVINGS ---LIKE THAT! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT--- IT WAS WORTH IT!
GREAT SCOTT! I'M SURE I SAW SOMETHING HOP OUT OF THE WRECKAGE---SOMETHING THAT LOOKED LIKE A HEAD!
That was a year ago! I've lived in a lonely cabin ever since---writing this account! There's an odd thumping noise along the path---and I know my time is running out---
AAAGH!
CLUMP!
A WEEK LATER---THEY FOUND FLETCHER'S BODY!
NO BELONGINGS TO SPEAK OF, DOC---EXCEPT A BLOODSTAINED DIARY AND AN OLD LETTER FROM SOMEONE NAMED LISA! SAY---ARE YOU SERIOUS ABOUT THE WAY HE DIED?
I READ THAT JOURNAL, SERGEANT! YES, FLETCHER WAS BITTEN TO DEATH--- BY HUMAN TEETH!
THE END!

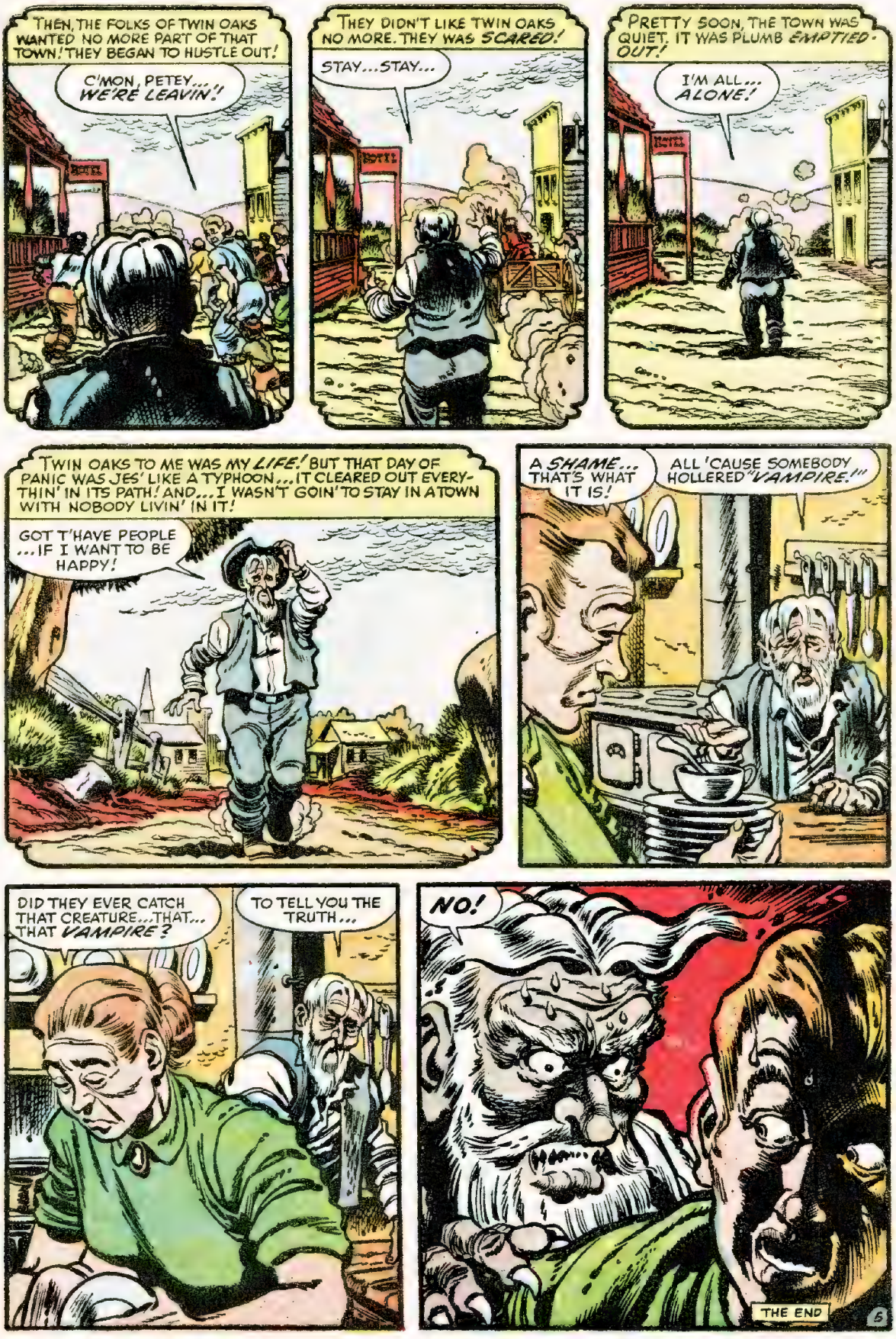
LIVE THROUGH A...
DAY OF PANIC
GENERAL STORE
A--VAMPIRE?! WE'LL DRIVE IT OUT OF TOWN! WE'LL GET UP A...POSSE!
VAM...PIRE! (GULP!)
OHH, WHERE'S JOHNNY?!
CALM YOURSELVES ...BE CALM!
LET'S GET IN OUR HOMES!
LOCK THE DOORS..
CLOSE THE SHUTTERS!
V..V..VAM... VAMPIRE!
AUGUST. THE COUNTRY. AN OLD MAN WALKING ON A DUSTY ROAD. IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL FOR LOVERS, EXCEPT THAT IT'S HOT- TOO HOT...
OH, BUT I'M DRY!
THEN, A LONE FARMHOUSE, LIKE AN OASIS!
I BEG YOUR PARDON. COULD YOU SPARE AN OLD MAN SOMETHING TO DRINK? IT'S BEEN SO HOT...
WHY, YOU POOR SOUL! OF COURSE, COME RIGHT IN AND SIT DOWN.
1

Witches Tales #22, December 1953. Artist: Howard Nostrand. Publisher: Harvey.


THE OLD MAN REFRESHED HIMSELF WITH THE COLD WATER!
I THANK YOU VERY KINDLY!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! IT'S A PLEASURE TO TALK TO SOMEONE! YOU COME FROM TWIN OAKS, DON'T YOU? A RIGHT-PLEASANT TOWN!
IT WAS THAT! AIN'T NO MORE! EVERYBODY'S LEFT IT! TOWN'S DESERTED! PEOPLE CLEARED OUT IN ONE DAY... THAT DAY...
..."WHEN OLD DOLPH'S BOY CAME A-RUNNIN'..."
MA...MA! I SAW DEEK JACOBS... HE'S DAID! HE'S... STRANGELY DAID!
DAID! HUSTLE YOUR HIDE... AND FETCH SHERIFF DUNCAN!
THE BOY GOT DUNCAN! ANYTIME THE SHERIFF IS CALLED THERE'S A TO-DO ABOUT IT! NOBODY, THOUGH, EXPECTED TO SEE WHAT THEY SAW! FOR, DOWN BY THE POND, BY OLD DEEK'S BODY...
HOT GOSH! HE'S DAID, ALL RIGHT! BUT ...LOOK...
HIS THROAT... THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE...
VAMPIRE... VAMPIRE...
IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THE WORD--VAMPIRE--SET THE GROUND TREMBLIN' AND ROCKIN'! TWIN OAKS WAS ASTIR! IT WAS A PROBLEM FOR BIG MEN... LIKE SHERIFF SETH DUNCAN AND MAYOR LEM HOOPER!
IT'S REAL TROUBLE, LEM! WE GOT TO HUNT OUT THIS VAMPIRE! I'LL LEAD A VIGILANTE COMMITTEE!
NOTHIN' DOIN', SETH! I'LL FORM A...POSSE!
CLEVER, AIN'T YA? YOU WANT ALL THE GLORY TO Y'SELF... JES' 'CAUSE IT'S ELECTION TIME! WELL, I SAY... VIGILANTES!
AND... YOU WANT MY JOB! NO SIREE! I SAY... POSSE!
2

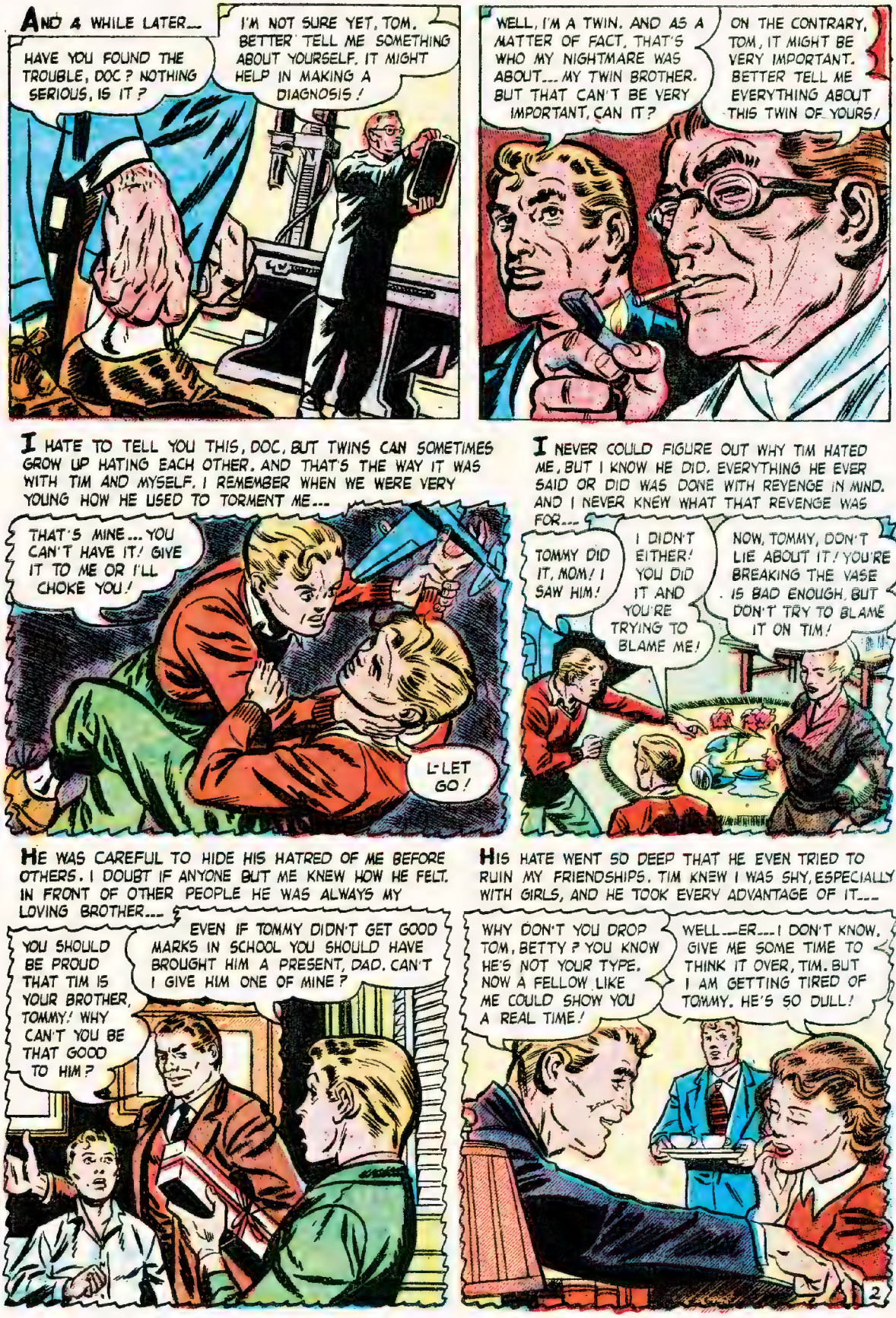
I THINK...THIS AIN'T THE TIME FER POLITICS! CALM YERSELVES! THERE'S A VAMPIRE LOOSE! WE GOT T'SAVE TWIN OAKS!
SHUT UP!
WHO ASKED YOU?
DUNCAN AND HOOPER WERE LIKE WILDCATS! NOTHIN' COULD HOLD 'EM! THEY FORGOT ALL ABOUT THAT VAMPIRE! BUT...THEY COULD WHIP UP A MOB IN TWO SHAKES!
I'M FORMIN' A POSSE! WHO WANTS T'JOIN ME?
IF Y'WANT THE VIGILANTES... FOLLOW ME!
JAIL
'RAY, SETH DUNCAN!
WE'RE WITH YOU, LEM!
MAMIE SLAGLE... I AIN'T SEEN YOUR HUSBAND HEREABOUTS! MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS-LIKE, I VENTURE!
YOU KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, MATILDY HARKINS! MY MAN IS HOME IN BED... AND YOU KNOW IT!
THERE WAS NO HOLDIN' IT BACK! ONCE IT STARTED, IT SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE! LITTLE SPARKS WERE BEGINNIN' TO POP!
DON'T COME NEAR ME, JEB! I NEVER DID LIKE YOUR FACE!
BUT, LESTER... WE'RE FRIENDS! WE GREW UP TOGETH...
I SAID--DON'T COME NEAR ME!
TWIN OAKS BECAME AN INFERNO OF HYSTERIA! THEY HAD TO BE CALM...TO STAY ALIVE!
FOLKS...FOLKS! DON'T GO RUNNIN' OFF HALF-COCKED! IT AIN'T GOOD IF YOU GOT NO DIRECTION! SAVE YERSELVES!
3

WHY'RE WE LISTENIN' TO SECH TALK! I SAY... TO THE ARSENAL! LET'S GET THAT VAMPIRE!
TO THE ARSENAL!
YEH!
THE ARSENAL!
IT WAS GETTIN' WORSE ALL THE TIME. IT SEEMED LIKE ALL OF TWIN OAKS WAS HEADIN' FOR THE ARSENAL!
THEY JES' WON'T LISTEN...
IT TOOK NO TIME 'FORE THE ARSENAL WAS EMPTIED OUT!
GET THEM RIFLES!
A MOB WITH GUNS IN THEIR HANDS WILL SHOOT AT ANYTHING... JES' SO LONG AS IT MOVES! A MOB IS SOMETHIN' WITHOUT REASON!
WHO... WHO'S THAT?!
I DUNNO! BUT ... I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES!
LET'S GET 'IM!
BLAM! BLAM
BLAM!
THERE WAS NO STOPPIN' 'EM... EVEN AFTER THEY FOUND OUT WHO THEY KILLED!
WHY... IT'S STAN KOFF... THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE!
HE SHOULDN'T OF BEEN RUNNIN' LIKE THAT!
HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN THAT VAMPIRE!
4


THEN, THE FOLKS OF TWIN OAKS WANTED NO MORE PART OF THAT TOWN! THEY BEGAN TO HUSTLE OUT!
C'MON, PETEY...! WE'RE LEAVIN'!
THEY DIDN'T LIKE TWIN OAKS NO MORE. THEY WAS SCARED!
STAY...STAY...
PRETTY SOON, THE TOWN WAS QUIET. IT WAS PLUMB EMPTIED-OUT!
I'M ALL... ALONE!
TWIN OAKS TO ME WAS MY LIFE! BUT THAT DAY OF PANIC WAS JES' LIKE A TYPHOON... IT CLEARED OUT EVERY-THIN' IN ITS PATH! AND... I WASN'T GOIN' TO STAY IN A TOWN WITH NOBODY LIVIN' IN IT!
GOT T'HAVE PEOPLE ...IF I WANT TO BE HAPPY!
A SHAME... THAT'S WHAT IT IS!
ALL 'CAUSE SOMEBODY HOLLERED "VAMPIRE!"
DID THEY EVER CATCH THAT CREATURE...THAT... THAT VAMPIRE?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...
NO!
THE END
5

HAND
WAS IT TWINS OR TRIPLETS? A SPINE-TINGLING TRIP INTO THE UNKNOWN THAT WILL KEEP YOU GRIPPED IN ITS ... HAND
SOME OF YOU MIGHT CALL THIS LITTLE TALE RIDICULOUS, OTHERS WILL SAY FANTASTIC, BUT I CALL IT... MURDER! COME WITH ME TO A DOCTOR'S OFFICE WHERE THE PATIENT IS COMPLAINING ABOUT A STRANGE AILMENT... AN AILMENT THAT COULD NOT EXIST!
EERIE TALES
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, DOCTOR ROE. IT'S NOT SPRAINED AND IT'S NOT INJURED. YET IT HURTS LIKE THE BLAZES!
BETTER LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF WHAT'S WRONG. FIRST, WE'LL START OFF BY TAKING SOME X-RAYS.
WHEN DID THE PAIN START? YOU KNOW INJURIES JUST DON'T HAPPEN.
LAST NIGHT I THINK. I REMEMBER HAVING A NIGHTMARE AND FEELING SOMETHING GRAB MY ANKLE. AND WHEN I AWOKE, THERE IT WAS...

Mister Mystery #1, September 1951. Pencils: Ross Andru; inks; Mike Esposito. Publisher: Key Publications.


AND A WHILE LATER...
HAVE YOU FOUND THE TROUBLE, DOC? NOTHING SERIOUS, IS IT?
I'M NOT SURE YET, TOM. BETTER TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF. IT MIGHT HELP IN MAKING A DIAGNOSIS!
WELL, I'M A TWIN. AND AS A MATTER OF FACT, THAT'S WHO MY NIGHTMARE WAS ABOUT... MY TWIN BROTHER. BUT THAT CAN'T BE VERY IMPORTANT, CAN IT?
ON THE CONTRARY, TOM, IT MIGHT BE VERY IMPORTANT. BETTER TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS TWIN OF YOURS!
I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS, DOC, BUT TWINS CAN SOMETIMES GROW UP HATING EACH OTHER. AND THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS WITH TIM AND MYSELF. I REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG HOW HE USED TO TORMENT ME...
THAT'S MINE... YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! GIVE IT TO ME OR I'LL CHOKE YOU!
L-LET GO!
I NEVER COULD FIGURE OUT WHY TIM HATED ME, BUT I KNOW HE DID. EVERYTHING HE EVER SAID OR DID WAS DONE WITH REVENGE IN MIND. AND I NEVER KNEW WHAT THAT REVENGE WAS FOR...
TOMMY DID IT, MOM! I SAW HIM!
I DIDN'T EITHER! YOU DID IT AND YOU'RE TRYING TO BLAME ME!
NOW, TOMMY, DON'T LIE ABOUT IT! YOU'RE BREAKING THE VASE IS BAD ENOUGH, BUT DON'T TRY TO BLAME IT ON TIM!
HE WAS CAREFUL TO HIDE HIS HATRED OF ME BEFORE OTHERS. I DOUBT IF ANYONE BUT ME KNEW HOW HE FELT. IN FRONT OF OTHER PEOPLE HE WAS ALWAYS MY LOVING BROTHER...
YOU SHOULD BE PROUD THAT TIM IS YOUR BROTHER, TOMMY! WHY CAN'T YOU BE THAT GOOD TO HIM?
EVEN IF TOMMY DIDN'T GET GOOD MARKS IN SCHOOL YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM A PRESENT, DAD. CAN'T I GIVE HIM ONE OF MINE?
HIS HATE WENT SO DEEP THAT HE EVEN TRIED TO RUIN MY FRIENDSHIPS. TIM KNEW I WAS SHY, ESPECIALLY WITH GIRLS, AND HE TOOK EVERY ADVANTAGE OF IT...
WHY DON'T YOU DROP TOM, BETTY? YOU KNOW HE'S NOT YOUR TYPE. NOW A FELLOW LIKE ME COULD SHOW YOU A REAL TIME!
WELL...ER...I DON'T KNOW. GIVE ME SOME TIME TO THINK IT OVER, TIM. BUT I AM GETTING TIRED OF TOMMY. HE'S SO DULL!
2

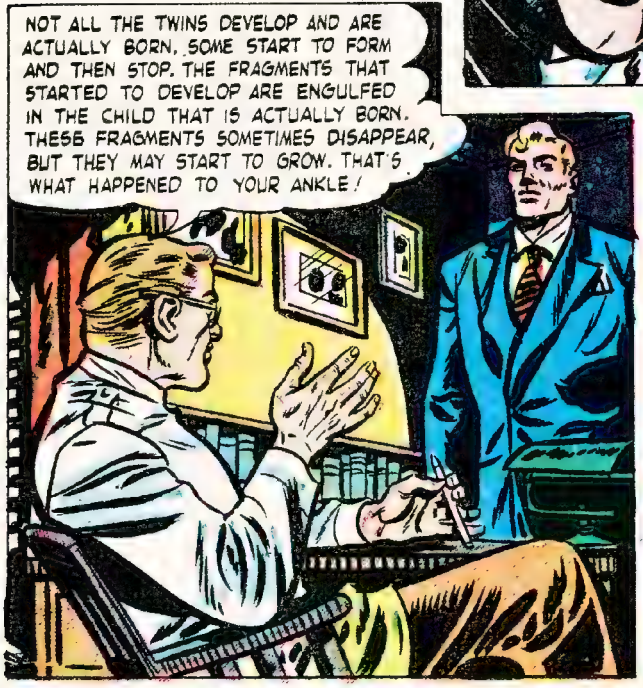
THEN A TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED. TIM CAUGHT PNEUMONIA. BUT EVEN ON HIS DEATH BED HIS HATE FOR ME, STILL LIVED. I REMEMBER JUST BEFORE HE DIED---
DON'T THINK THIS IS THE END! I WON'T LET YOU REST, TOM, EVEN AFTER I'M DEAD!
BUT, TIM, I'M YOUR BROTHER--- WHY DO YOU HATE ME LIKE THIS? WHY?
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING NOW. BUT BEFORE I GIVE YOU MY DIAGNOSIS, YOU'D BETTER TELL ME ABOUT THIS NIGHTMARE YOU HAD LAST NIGHT!
IT WAS A HORRIBLE THING, I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!
I DREAMED I WAS WALKING IN AN OLD GRAVEYARD---
AND THEN AS I STOOD ROOTED TO THE GROUND WITH HORROR, I SAW THE MOIST EARTH OF HIS GRAVE TREMBLE AND PART, AND FROM THE GHASTLY MOUND, ROSE THE CLUTCHING SPECTRE OF A HAND!
N-NO!
AND SOMETHING FORCED ME TO STOP...
TIM'S GRAVE!
TIMO
REESE
BORN JUN
DIED MAY
3

IT WAS *TIM*... AND THE HORRID MASS OF ROTTING FLESH THAT WAS HIS HAND GRASPED MY ANKLE AND BEGAN TO DRAG ME INTO HIS GRAVE. I SCREAMED IN HORROR AND AWOKE IN A COLD SWEAT...

THIS COULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH MY ANKLE, COULD IT? AND WHY DID YOU WANT TO KNOW ALL ABOUT MY TWIN BROTHER?
I'LL TELL YOU THAT RIGHT NOW... I THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION. AS YOU KNOW, IDENTICAL TWINS LOOK SO NEARLY ALIKE BECAUSE THEY COME FROM THE SAME GERM CELL!

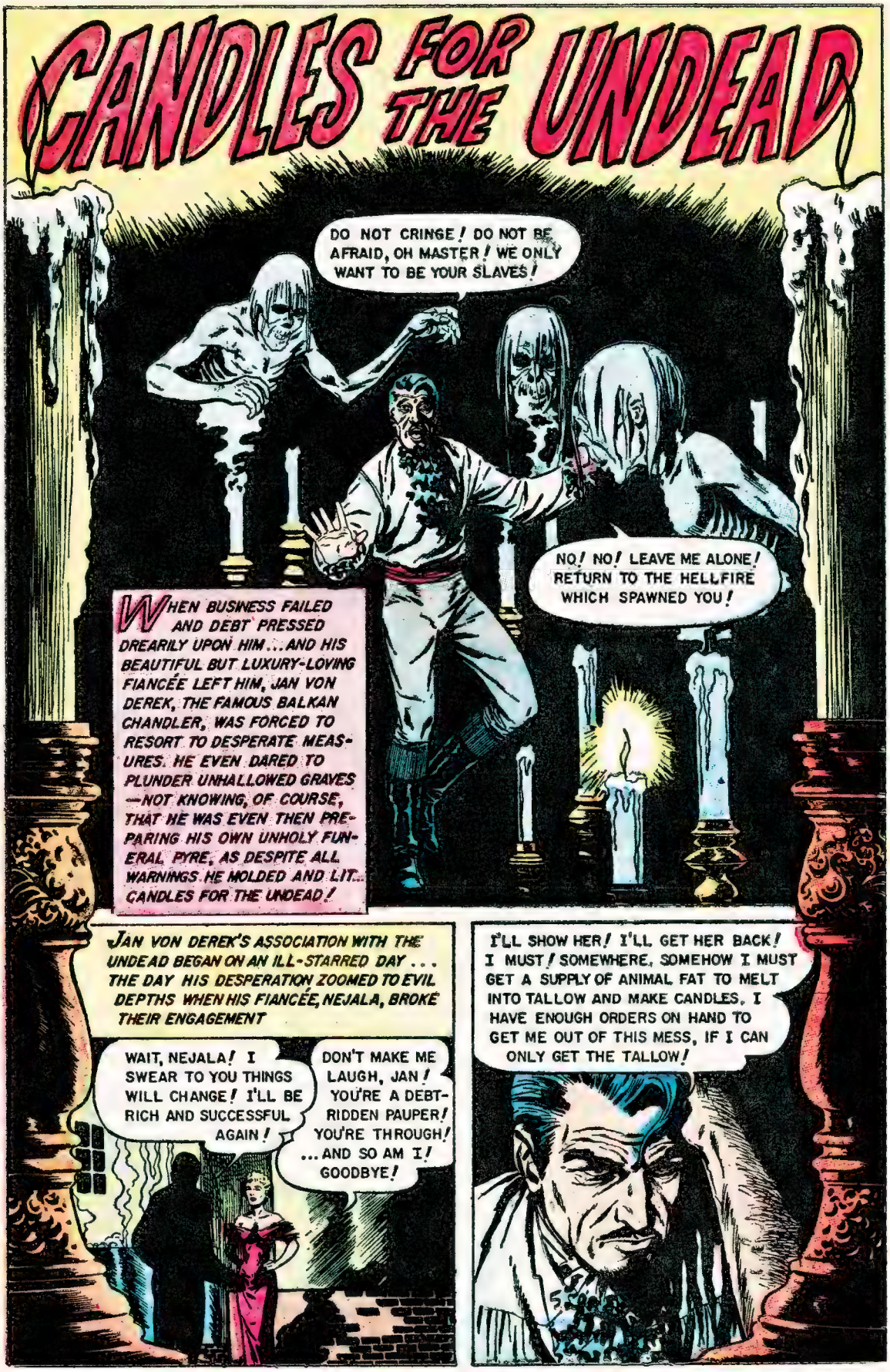
BEFORE IT STARTS TO DEVELOP IT SPLITS IN TWO. INSTEAD OF ONE INDIVIDUAL FORMING, TWO DO. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CASE OF YOU AND YOUR BROTHER.

BUT SOMETIMES THE SPLITTING DOESN'T STOP THERE. ONE OF THE CELLS SPLITS AGAIN—THE RESULT, *TRIPLETS!* I BELIEVE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED IN YOUR CASE!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE THIRD CHILD?


NOT ALL THE TWINS DEVELOP AND ARE ACTUALLY BORN. SOME START TO FORM AND THEN STOP. THE FRAGMENTS THAT STARTED TO DEVELOP ARE ENGULFED IN THE CHILD THAT IS ACTUALLY BORN. THESE FRAGMENTS SOMETIMES DISAPPEAR, BUT THEY MAY START TO GROW. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ANKLE!

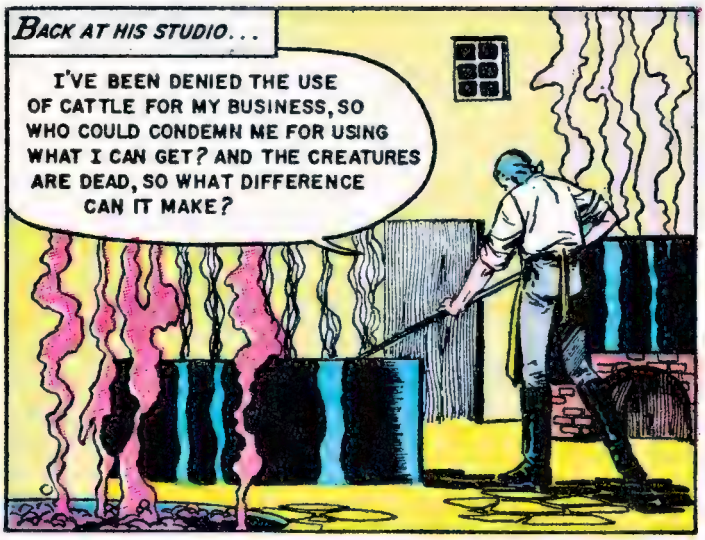
BUT WHAT IS IT? LET ME SEE THE X-RAY!
IT WON'T MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, JUST A LOT OF SHADOWS. BUT A SIMPLE OPERATION WILL FIX YOU UP. JUST GO HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, AND TOMORROW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT ANKLE!

INTERESTING CASE ISN'T IT? BUT IT GETS EVEN MORE INTERESTING AS IT GOES ALONG. ESPECIALLY THAT NIGHT WHEN TOM... BUT I'LL LET YOU FIND THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF...
MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME REST FOR THAT OPERATION. WONDER IF THERE'S ANYTHING BEHIND THAT STORY THE DOC WAS TELLING ME? HO-HUM, I GUESS HE KNOWS BEST.
LATER THAT NIGHT...
MY THROAT... MY THROAT! FEELS LIKE FINGERS ARE... (GASP) FEELS LIKE I'M BEING STRANGLED... I-I CAN'T BREATHE!
I'M CHOKING! AIR... I NEED AIR! I...
AND A FEW HOURS LATER IN DR. ROE'S OFFICE...
WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY— TOM REESE DEAD? HE JUMPED OUT A WINDOW? SIGNS OF STRANGULATION— YET ALL EVIDENCE POINTS TO SUICIDE? STRANGE— VERY STRANGE!
HMMM! THE X-RAY SHOWS A PARTLY FORMED HAND AROUND THE ANKLE! COULD IT HAVE MOVED UP TO HIS THROAT AND— NO— WHAT AM I THINKING— THAT'S RIDICULOUS— IMPOSSIBLE!... AND YET—
FRIGHTENING LITTLE TALE WASN'T IT? OR SHOULD I SAY TIGHTENING! WHAT'S THAT? YOU FEEL SOMETHING GRIPPING YOUR HEART? WELL, I WOULDN'T WORRY, IT'S PROBABLY ONLY THE FEAR IN YOUR BONES! EHH! EHH! EHH!
THE END

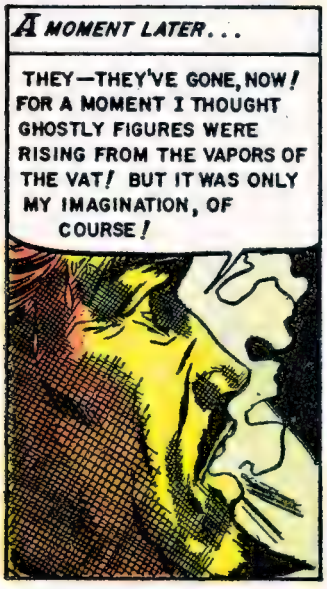

CANDLES FOR THE UNDEAD
DO NOT CRINGE! DO NOT BE AFRAID, OH MASTER! WE ONLY WANT TO BE YOUR SLAVES!
NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! RETURN TO THE HELLFIRE WHICH SPAWNED YOU!
WHEN BUSINESS FAILED AND DEBT PRESSED DREARILY UPON HIM... AND HIS BEAUTIFUL BUT LUXURY-LOVING FIANCÉE LEFT HIM, JAN VON DEREK, THE FAMOUS BALKAN CHANDLER, WAS FORCED TO RESORT TO DESPERATE MEASURES. HE EVEN DARED TO PLUNDER UNHALLOWED GRAVES —NOT KNOWING, OF COURSE, THAT HE WAS EVEN THEN PREPARING HIS OWN UNHOLY FUNERAL PYRE, AS DESPITE ALL WARNINGS HE MOLDED AND LIT... CANDLES FOR THE UNDEAD!
JAN VON DEREK'S ASSOCIATION WITH THE UNDEAD BEGAN ON AN ILL-STARRED DAY... THE DAY HIS DESPERATION ZOOMED TO EVIL DEPTHS WHEN HIS FIANCÉE, NEJALA, BROKE THEIR ENGAGEMENT
WAIT, NEJALA! I SWEAR TO YOU THINGS WILL CHANGE! I'LL BE RICH AND SUCCESSFUL AGAIN!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, JAN! YOU'RE A DEBT-RIDDEN PAUPER! YOU'RE THROUGH! ...AND SO AM I! GOODBYE!
I'LL SHOW HER! I'LL GET HER BACK! I MUST! SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW I MUST GET A SUPPLY OF ANIMAL FAT TO MELT INTO TALLOW AND MAKE CANDLES. I HAVE ENOUGH ORDERS ON HAND TO GET ME OUT OF THIS MESS, IF I CAN ONLY GET THE TALLOW!

The Beyond #29, November 1954. Artist: Jim McLaughlin. Publisher: Ace Magazines.

WRESTLING WITH HIS PROBLEM, JAN VON DEREK FOR HOURS WALKED DARK AND RAIN-SWEPT STREETS...
THAT CURSED PLAGUE! IT RUINED MY BUSINESS... WIPING OUT ALL THE CATTLE AND CUTTING OFF THE SUPPLY OF ANIMAL FAT! WILL THE SLAUGHTERHOUSES EVER OPEN AGAIN?
LATER, VON DEREK'S TROUBLED WANDERING LED HIM TO A LONELY GRAVEYARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, WHERE...
WHAT POOR SOUL HAS BEEN BURIED ON A MISERABLE NIGHT LIKE THIS? AND WITHOUT MOURNERS?
CONVICTS, SIR! FOUR MURDEROUS THUGS EXECUTED THIS VERY DAY! WHO ELSE WOULD WE BE BURYING IN THE GRAVEYARD OF THE DAMNED?
WHAT POPPYCOCK! BUT IT MIGHT SERVE ME WELL. CORPSES FROM THESE GRAVES WOULD NEVER BE MISSED...AND PERHAPS THEY'LL MAKE GOOD SUBSTITUTES FOR THE CATTLE I CANNOT GET FOR MY TALLOW VATS!
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR? I'M THE KEEPER OF THE GRAVE YARD!
VON DEREK'S MIND ACTED QUICKLY...
SO IF YOU'LL DIG UP THE GRAVES SO I CAN USE THESE CRIMINALS' CORPSES FOR MY-UH-SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT, I'LL PAY YOU WELL!
AYIIEE!
I COULDN'T DO THAT! THE DEVIL'S OWN CURSE DESCENDS ON ANYONE WHO DISTURBS THE REST OF THE UNHOLY DEAD!
NOT EVEN FOR ONE HUNDRED KRONER?
NOT FOR A MILLION! BUT FOR A HUNDRED I MIGHT BE INDUCED NOT TO INTERFERE IF YOU WANT TO DO THE WORK YOURSELF!
AND SO THE GRISLY DEAL WAS CONSUMMATED. JAN VON DERECK BORROWED A CART AND BEGAN THE GRUESOME LABOR...
THAT FOOL GRAVEYARD KEEPER... (GRUNT!)...AND HIS IGNORANT SUPERSTITIONS! YOU'D THINK HE'D AT LEAST GIVE ME A HAND!
NOT ME, SIR! I WANT NO PART OF THE FATE OF THOSE WHO VIOLATE UNHALLOWED GROUND!
IT WAS ALMOST DAWN BEFORE THE TASK WAS FINISHED AND JAN VON DEREK STARTED HOME...
IF THIS EXPERIMENT WORKS, IT WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH INVESTING MY LAST HUNDRED KRONER! WE SHALL SOON SEE!
2

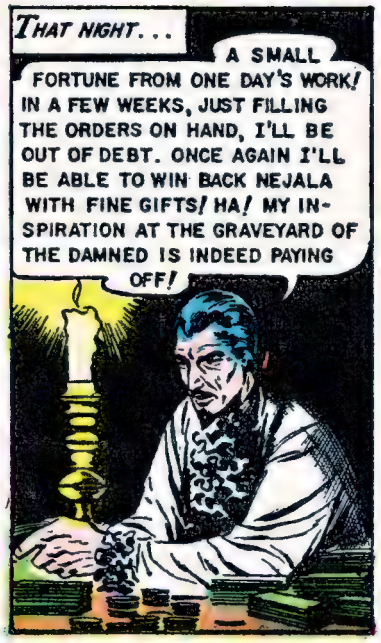

BACK AT HIS STUDIO...
I'VE BEEN DENIED THE USE OF CATTLE FOR MY BUSINESS, SO WHO COULD CONDEMN ME FOR USING WHAT I CAN GET? AND THE CREATURES ARE DEAD, SO WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE?

YOU SHALL SOON SEE, JAN VON DEREK! YOU WILL LEARN WHAT DIFFERENCE IT MAKES!
W-WHAT?? I— THOSE GHOST-LIKE FIGURES! W-WHO...?


A MOMENT LATER...
THEY—THEY'VE GONE, NOW! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT GHOSTLY FIGURES WERE RISING FROM THE VAPORS OF THE VAT! BUT IT WAS ONLY MY IMAGINATION, OF COURSE!

LATER...
THE EXPERIMENT SEEMS TO HAVE WORKED! THE TALLOW HAS A FINE CONSISTENCY! THESE CANDLES SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS ANY I'VE EVER MADE!

ALL THAT DAY VON DEREK WORKED CEASELESSLY, PACKAGING AND DELIVERING HIS PILED-UP BACKLOG OF ORDERS...
A SURPRISE, INDEED, JAN! I'D THOUGHT, BECAUSE OF THE CATTLE PLAGUE THAT MY CANDLE ORDER WOULD BE POSTPONED INDEFINITELY!
A MASTER ARTISAN FINDS WAYS TO PLY HIS CRAFT IN THE FACE OF GREATEST DIFFICULTIES, SIR!


THAT NIGHT...
A SMALL FORTUNE FROM ONE DAY'S WORK! IN A FEW WEEKS, JUST FILLING THE ORDERS ON HAND, I'LL BE OUT OF DEBT. ONCE AGAIN I'LL BE ABLE TO WIN BACK NEJALA WITH FINE GIFTS! HA! MY INSPIRATION AT THE GRAVEYARD OF THE DAMNED IS INDEED PAYING OFF!

BUT THE TALLOW VATS ARE EMPTY ONCE MORE! I MUST KEEP THEM FILLED! I'LL HAVE TO GET MORE — UH — RAW MATERIAL TO WORK WITH, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW THAT I'VE GONE THIS FAR!
3

LATE THAT NIGHT . . .

PLACES LIKE THESE SHOULD BE AN UNENDING SOURCE OF SUPPLY, IF I'M CAREFUL AND DON'T GET SQUEAMISH!...AH! THE LOCK IS FINALLY BROKEN!

MORGUE

BACK AT HIS STUDIO AS THE VATS ARE FIRED AND ONCE AGAIN ABOUT TO BE FILLED...

NEJALA! WHAT IN THE NAME OF--?

I'VE COME BACK TO GET A CAPE I LEFT HERE. I— JAN! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SWIFTLY, JAN EXPLAINED WHAT HE HAD DONE...

AND SEE, NEJALA! ALREADY MONEY IS FLOWING IN! I WILL SOON BE OUT OF DEBT AND WEALTHY AGAIN. AM I NOT BRILLIANT?

NO! YOU— YOU ARE AN UNSPEAKABLE FIEND! LET ME OUT OF HERE! I'M GOING TO THE POLICE!

DON'T BE A FOOL! LISTEN TO ME, NEJALA! I'VE DONE THIS FOR YOU... TO BE RICH AGAIN FOR YOU! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?

LET ME GO! I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY INHUMAN BEAST WHO WOULD SO DEFILE THE DEAD!

JAN VON DEREK BEGGED, PLEADED, AND THEN GREW VIOLENTLY ANGRY WHEN HE SAW HE COULDN'T DETER NEJALA FROM EXPOSING HIM TO THE POLICE . . .

I'LL MAKE YOU LISTEN TO REASON, LITTLE FOOL! I'LL MAKE YOU! MAKE YOU!

NO—JAN! ARRRGGH!

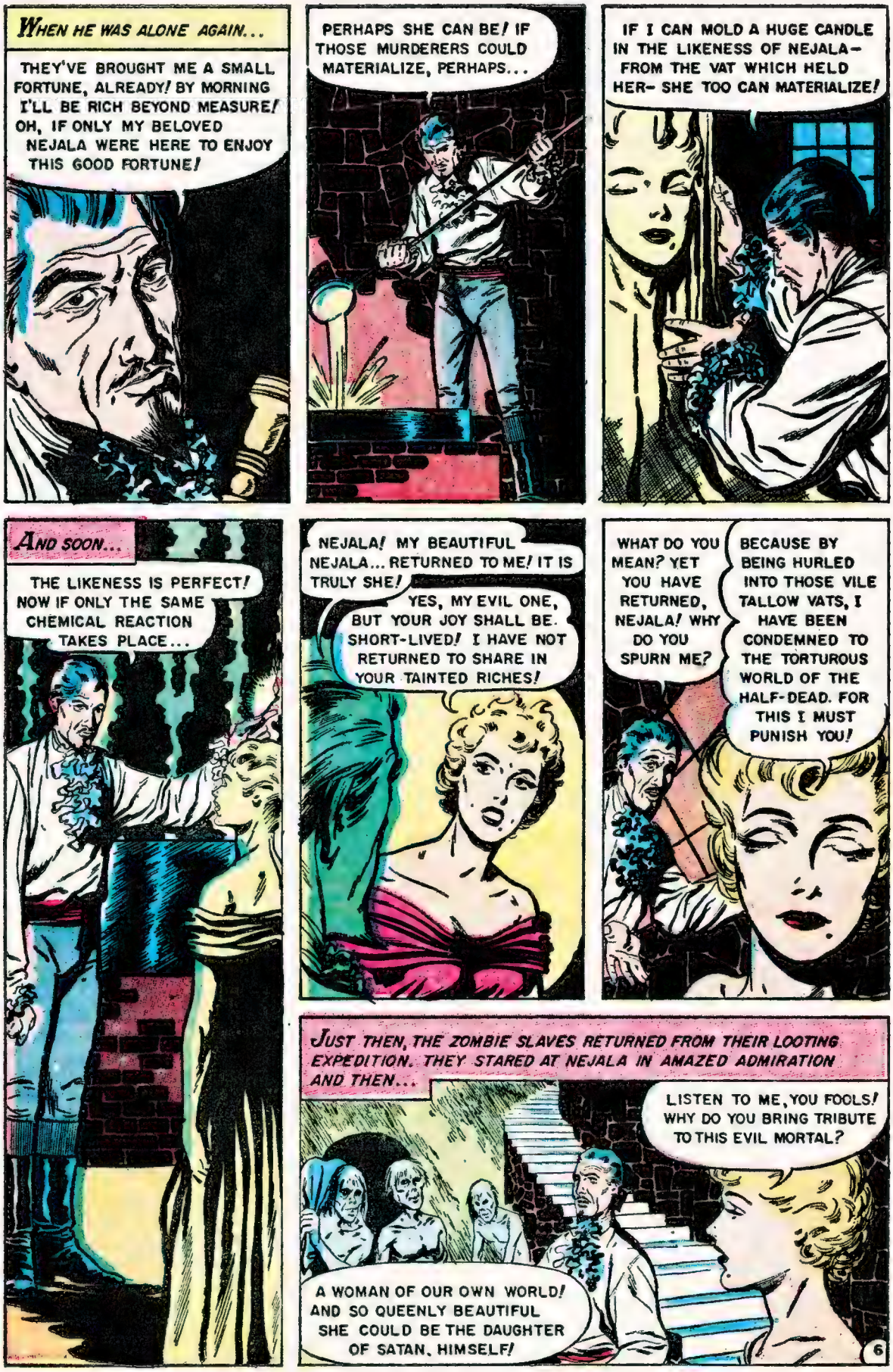
BUT JAN COULD NOT RESTRAIN HIMSELF AND...

SHE—SHE'S DEAD! NEJALA! I—I DIDN'T MEAN TO... SPEAK TO ME! NEJALA!...IT'S TOO LATE! IT'S NO USE! SHE'S GONE!

JAN VON DEREK'S GUILTY SORROW WAS SHORT-LIVED. HE SOON BECAME RUTHLESSLY OBJECTIVE ABOUT HIS CRIME...

WHAT'S DONE IS DONE! NOW I MUST PROTECT MYSELF BY DESTROYING EVIDENCE OF THE MURDER. THE TALLOW VATS ARE THE ONLY ANSWER!

MEANWHILE, IN THE HOME OF ONE OF JAN VON DEREK'S WEALTHY CUSTOMERS . . .
YOUR CANDLES ARE EXQUISITE! SUCH ORIGINAL DESIGNS!
YES! VON DEREK, MY CHANDLER, IS TRULY A GENIUS! AND HOW HE ACQUIRED THE TALLOW WITH THE CATTLE PLAGUE CUTTING OFF HIS SUPPLY, IS A MIRACLE!
BUT...
(COUGH!)
SOMETHING IS WRONG! THE CANDLES SHOULDN'T --- THAT GREASY SMOKE AND THE STENCH FROM IT IS SUFFOCATING! (GASP!)
(CHOKE!)
(GASP!)
LOOK! THOSE CREATURES, MATERIALIZING FROM THE SMOKE AND FLAME OF THE CANDLES! W-WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT MEANS, MADAME, THAT WE'VE BEEN RELEASED BY A MIRACLE FROM THE WORLD OF THE EVIL UNDEAD!
THAT- THAT BLOW SHOULD'VE FELLED AN OX, YET IT DID NOT EVEN PHASE HIM! HE IS TRULY A CREATURE OF THE BEYOND!
OF COURSE! YOUR PUNY MORTAL EFFORTS ARE FUTILE!
WHILE THE UNDEAD ARE BUSY WITH THEIR LOOTING, POLICE ARE SUMMONED, BUT . . .
WE'RE WASTING OUR BULLETS! NOTHING CAN STOP THEM!
COME, COMRADES! FOLLOW ME! IT IS TIME TO LEAVE!
A LITTLE LATER, BACK AT JAN VON DEREK'S STUDIO . . .
AND YOU SAY WHEN THE CANDLES WERE LIT, SOME WEIRD CHEMICAL PROCESS PERMITTED YOUR SPIRITS TO MATERIALIZE?
YES, MASTER! AND FOR THUS BRINGING US BACK FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE WE BRING YOU TRIBUTE! FROM NOW ON WE ARE YOUR SLAVES, COMPLETELY AT YOUR COMMAND!
AT FIRST APPALLED, THEN INTRIGUED BY WHAT HAS HAPPENED, VON DEREK'S EVIL GREED DECIDED HIM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION . . .
IF YOU ARE TRULY MY SLAVES, GO FORTH ONCE MORE! ROB AND PLUNDER AS YOU WILL, AND BRING ME THE LOOT!
YES, MASTER. IT WILL BE DONE!
5


WHEN HE WAS ALONE AGAIN...
THEY'VE BROUGHT ME A SMALL FORTUNE, ALREADY! BY MORNING I'LL BE RICH BEYOND MEASURE! OH, IF ONLY MY BELOVED NEJALA WERE HERE TO ENJOY THIS GOOD FORTUNE!
PERHAPS SHE CAN BE! IF THOSE MURDERERS COULD MATERIALIZE, PERHAPS...
IF I CAN MOLD A HUGE CANDLE IN THE LIKENESS OF NEJALA— FROM THE VAT WHICH HELD HER— SHE TOO CAN MATERIALIZE!
AND SOON...
THE LIKENESS IS PERFECT! NOW IF ONLY THE SAME CHEMICAL REACTION TAKES PLACE...
NEJALA! MY BEAUTIFUL NEJALA... RETURNED TO ME! IT IS TRULY SHE!
YES, MY EVIL ONE, BUT YOUR JOY SHALL BE SHORT-LIVED! I HAVE NOT RETURNED TO SHARE IN YOUR TAINTED RICHES!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YET YOU HAVE RETURNED, NEJALA! WHY DO YOU SPURN ME?
BECAUSE BY BEING HURLED INTO THOSE VILE TALLOW VATS, I HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED TO THE TORTUROUS WORLD OF THE HALF-DEAD. FOR THIS I MUST PUNISH YOU!
JUST THEN, THE ZOMBIE SLAVES RETURNED FROM THEIR LOOTING EXPEDITION. THEY STARED AT NEJALA IN AMAZED ADMIRATION AND THEN...
LISTEN TO ME, YOU FOOLS! WHY DO YOU BRING TRIBUTE TO THIS EVIL MORTAL?
A WOMAN OF OUR OWN WORLD! AND SO QUEENLY BEAUTIFUL SHE COULD BE THE DAUGHTER OF SATAN, HIMSELF!
6

BECAUSE WE ARE INDEBTED TO HIM FOR OUR LIBERTY! BUT DO NOT BE ANGRY WITH US, OH LOVELY QUEEN! WE ARE YOUR SLAVE, TOO!
THEN DO AS I COMMAND! YOU HAVE PAID YOUR DEBT TO JAN VON DEREK... IF YOU EVER REALLY OWED HIM ONE!
AS LONG AS HE LIVES, WE ARE SAFE! HE IS CLEVER AND RUTHLESS. WHEN HE IS THROUGH WITH YOUR SERVICES HE WILL FIGURE SOME WAY TO RETURN YOU TO THE GRAVE! THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER.
HE MUST DIE!
AT FIRST THE ZOMBIES WERE TORN BETWEEN TWO LOYALTIES, BUT FINALLY NEJALA'S SPELL-BINDING BEAUTY WON OUT...
HA! THE FOOLS BELIEVED ME! NOW I ALONE WILL HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OF THEIR EVIL POWERS!
NO! STOP! I---
BUT AS LIFE EBBED FROM VON DEREK'S BODY A STRANGE THING HAPPENED...
S- SOMETHING IS HAPPENING TO ME! I-I'VE BECOME HELPLESS, SOLIDIFYING... TURNING BACK INTO THE CANDLE-FORM IN WHICH JAN CREATED ME!
BY KILLING THE MASTER, WE HAVE DOOMED OURSELVES TO RETURN TO WAX! AIIIIYEEE!
IN A FEW MOMENTS THE TRANSFORMATION WAS ALMOST COMPLETE AND ONE OF THE CANDLES TOPPLED OVER AND FELL INTO THE FLAMES BENEATH THE TALLOW VATS...
SCATTERED EMBERS FROM THE FIRE IGNITED THE STUDIO. SOON...
THE FLAMES ARE COMPLETELY OUT OF CONTROL. VON DERECK'S STUDIO WILL BURN TO CINDERS!
AFTER THE BUILDING HAD BURNED OUT, A SEARCH OF THE CHARRED RUINS WAS MADE...
I CAN UNDERSTAND THE BODIES OF VON DEREK AND HIS FIANCÉE BEING HERE, BUT- BUT THESE OTHERS...
THE FOUR CONVICTS WHO WERE EXECUTED AND BURIED THREE DAYS AGO! IT IS PREPOSTEROUS-IMPOSSIBLE!... YET THERE THEY ARE!
THE END

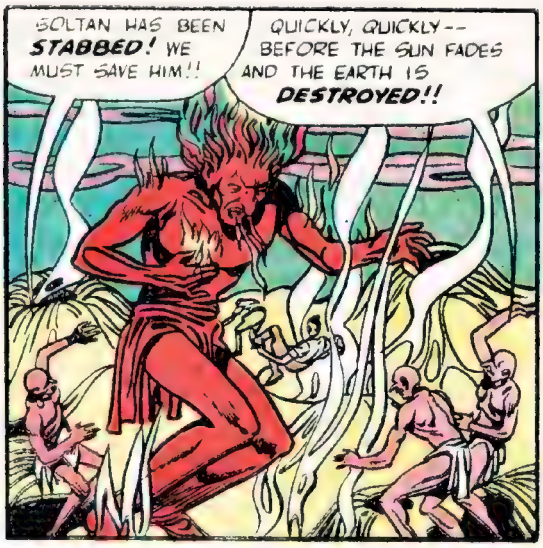
HEAT---ENDLESS, MADDENING HEAT THAT SEARS THE BRAIN AND DESTROYS THE BODY!! WHAT GREATER HORROR LURKS IN THE BLAZING SKY FOR THOSE WHO BECOME THE APPALLING CREATURES KNOWN AS THE....
DEMONS OF THE SUN
SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACK, BEATING HEART OF AFRICA, THREE WEARY TRAVELLERS PAUSE IN A TINY VILLAGE THAT STEAMS AND BAKES IN THE RELENTLESS HEAT OF THE TROPICAL SUN!....
THESE ROTTEN DEVILS!! WHY WON'T THEY LET US ENTER THEIR HUTS?!
ORDER OF THEIR CHIEF, I SUPPOSE! THEY JUST WANT TO SEE US ROAST TO DEATH IN THIS INFERNAL HEAT!!
IF I COULD ONLY MOVE NEARER TO THE SUN---AND RIP IT'S RED HEART FROM THE SKY!! HOW HAPPY I COULD BE THEN!!
WHERE ARE WE? WHAT ARE WE DOING IN THIS BURNING HELL?!
CAMPBELL!! L-LOOK!! THOSE... MONSTERS!! THEY'RE COMING TOWARDS US!!
1

Black Cat Mystery #40, October 1952. Artist: Rudy Palais. Publisher: Harvey.

AH, MY FRIEND, YOU WISH TO DEFY THE ALL-POWERFUL SUN GOD!! OTHERS HAVE SPOKEN AS YOU AND LIVED TO CURSE THEIR IDLE TONGUES!! HA! HA! HA!
LAUGH AT ME, WILL YOU? YOU BLASPHEMOUS DOG
LET ME GO! I'LL KILL HIM!!
DON'T BE A FOOL, JONES!! HE'S THE VILLAGE WITCH DOCTOR AND IF YOU TOUCH HIM, THEY'LL ALL SET UPON US!!
I COULD HAVE YOU MURDERED BY MY PEOPLE--BUT NO! INSTEAD I SHALL GRANT YOUR WISH--YOU SHALL MOVE NEARER TO THE SUN!!
THE WITCH DOCTOR RAISES HIS ARMS TO UTTER FIERCE AND TERRIBLE WORDS THAT FALL UPON THE AIR LIKE FLIES UPON A BLOATED CORPSE!!.....
HEAR ME, O SOLTAN, GOD OF THE SUN!! HE WHO HAS DEFIED YOU MUST KNOW THE POWER OF YOUR WRATH!! AND MAY HIS FRIENDS JOIN HIM ON THE PATH TO DOOM!! MAYANA MARU TARENA!!!
SUDDENLY THE MEN ARE LIFTED FROM THE EARTH AND ARE FLUNG LIKE DEAD LEAVES INTO A CHAOTIC WHIRLPOOL--AN ENDLESS SPIRAL OF UNNATURAL LIGHT!!.....
YAAAH!!
GO BACK---GO BACK BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!! SOLTAN WILL DESTROY YOU!! THE HEAT!! THE HEAT!! OH-H-H-H-H!!!
12

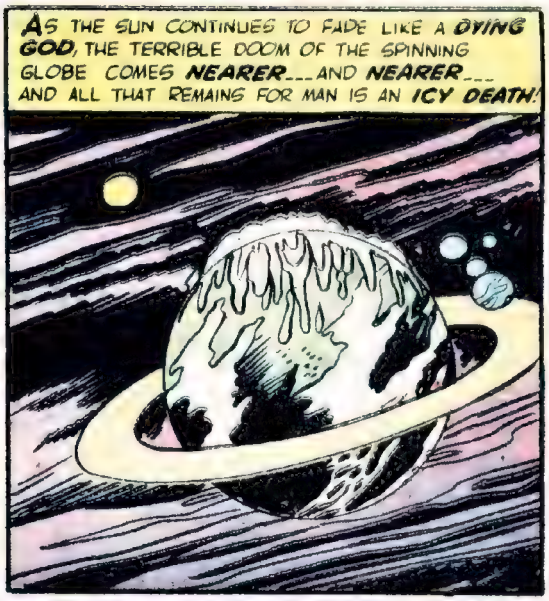
WH---HOW DID WE GET HERE??? IT'S LIKE A DESERT--- BUT THE SAND LOOKS SO STRANGE.....
HOW HOT IT IS!! IT'S AS IF WE WERE IN A GIANT OVEN WITH A HUGE FLAME!!
THE SKY---IT'S---IT'S---- RED!! AS RED AS THE SUN!! AND THE HEAT--- THE HORRIBLE HEAT.....!!
NO! NO! IT COULDN'T BE!! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT---
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SWELTERING EXPANSE OF SAND AND SKY, A GROUP OF LOATHESOME FIGURES APPEAR, THEIR FACES RAVAGED WITH THE PAIN AND HORROR OF SOME UNSPEAKABLE TORTURE!!
LOOK---THERE ARE OTHERS HERE!! MAYBE THEY CAN HELP US!!
BUT THEY COULDN'T BE HUMAN!! THEIR BODIES SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SCORCHED BY FIRE!!
WHERE ARE WE? WHY HAVE WE BEEN SENT TO THIS UNHOLY PLACE??
YOU ARE IN THE LAND BETWEEN SUN AND EARTH---A LIVING HELL FOR THOSE WHO DEFY SOLTAN, KING OF THE SUN!!
SHOCKED AND TERRIFIED, THE DOOMED MEN WANDER ABOUT MADLY AND, AS THE VIOLENT HEAT CRACKS THEIR SANITY, THEY SOON BECOME AWARE OF A DREADFUL FACT----
THERE IS NO NIGHT IN THIS MONSTROUS PLACE!! THE SUN WILL BLAZE UPON US--- ETERNALLY!!
WE'LL BECOME LIKE THEM---SHRIVELED AND PETRIFIED DEMONS!!!
WE'LL BE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER!
THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT---- THERE MUST BE!! IF WE CAN GET THE OTHERS TO JOIN US----
3

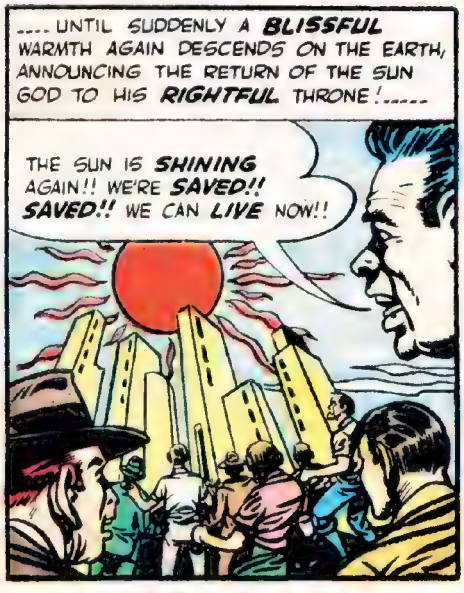
LISTEN TO US, CREATURES OF THE SUN!! YOUR AGONY CAN BE ENDED AND YOU CAN RETURN TO THE WORLD OF MEN!! YOU MUST HELP US TO DESTROY SOLTAN AT ONCE! ONLY THEN CAN YOU BE FREE!!
NO! NO! WE CAN NEVER LEAVE HERE--WE CAN NEVER KILL SOLTAN!!
BUT WHY? WHY? ARE YOU CONTENT TO BE EATEN BY THE FIRES OF THE SUN??
TO DESTROY SOLTAN IS TO DESTROY THE EARTH AS WELL! THE EARTH MUST HAVE THE HEAT WHICH CRUMBLES OUR BODIES LIKE ACID! AND SO WE MUST BEAR OUR MISERY FOR THE SAKE OF OUR LOVED ONES IN THE WORLD OF MEN!!!
I WON'T STAY IN THIS BURNING HELL FOR ALL ETERNITY!! I HAVE MY DAGGER YET--- SOLTAN WILL PERISH
CAMPBELL--WAIT!! MAYBE THERE IS ANOTHER WAY!! DON'T---
SUDDENLY A VIOLENT RUMBLE OF THUNDER BRINGS FORTH AN AWESOME AND TERRIFYING FIGURE WHOSE FLAMING ARMS REACH FORTH TO BRING FIERY DEATH TO HIS HELPLESS VICTIMS!
SOLTAN! IT IS SOLTAN!!
YAAAH-H-H!!
AS THE SUN GOD GLOATS AT HIS PITIFUL HUMAN "TOYS"! CAMPBELL IN THE LAST DESPERATE MOMENT BEFORE CRUSHING DEATH, SEIZES HIS DAGGER!
ARE THESE THE BRAVE EARTH PEOPLE WHO WISH TO DESTROY ME?? SEE HOW THEY STRUGGLE TO ESCAPE FROM MY GRASP!!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
AARGH-H-H!! YOU'RE CRUSHING ME!!
DIE, SOLTAN!!

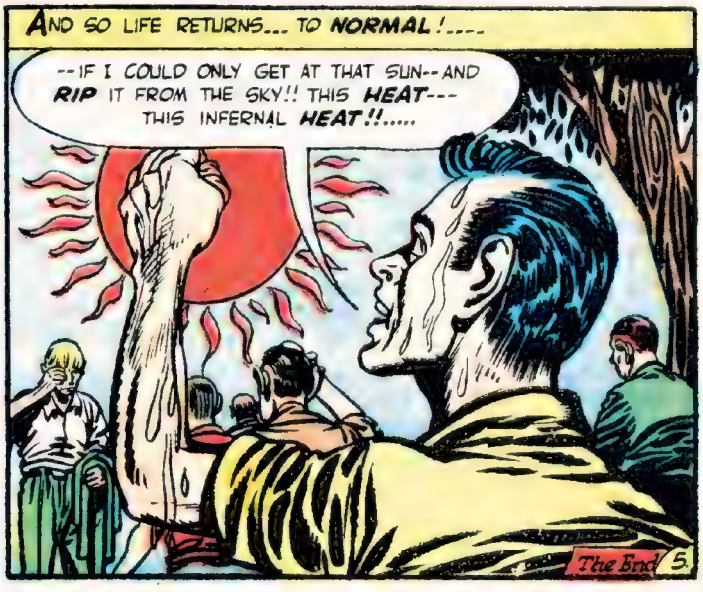

SOLTAN HAS BEEN STABBED! WE MUST SAVE HIM!!
QUICKLY, QUICKLY--BEFORE THE SUN FADES AND THE EARTH IS DESTROYED!!

BACK ON EARTH, A SUDDEN AND UNEXPLAINABLE CHILL COMES INTO THE WARM SUMMER AIR--AS MEN TURN TO THE SUN FOR WARMTH AND FUEL!.....
BRRRR-R-R!! IT'S GETTING AWFULLY COLD!
THAT'S STRANGE---THE TEMPERATURE WAS IN THE EIGHTIES A FEW MINUTES AGO!!

THE SUN IS FADING!! WE'RE GOING TO DIE!!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US??? EVERYTHING IS FREEZING!!
IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!!

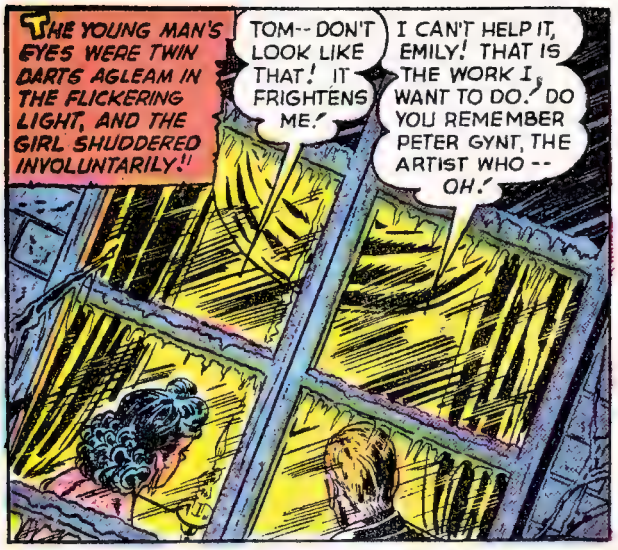

AS THE SUN CONTINUES TO FADE LIKE A DYING GOD, THE TERRIBLE DOOM OF THE SPINNING GLOBE COMES NEARER---AND NEARER---AND ALL THAT REMAINS FOR MAN IS AN ICY DEATH!


....UNTIL SUDDENLY A BLISSFUL WARMTH AGAIN DESCENDS ON THE EARTH, ANNOUNCING THE RETURN OF THE SUN GOD TO HIS RIGHTFUL THRONE!.....
THE SUN IS SHINING AGAIN!! WE'RE SAVED!! SAVED!! WE CAN LIVE NOW!!


AND SO LIFE RETURNS... TO NORMAL!....
--IF I COULD ONLY GET AT THAT SUN--AND RIP IT FROM THE SKY!! THIS HEAT---THIS INFERNAL HEAT!!.....
The End

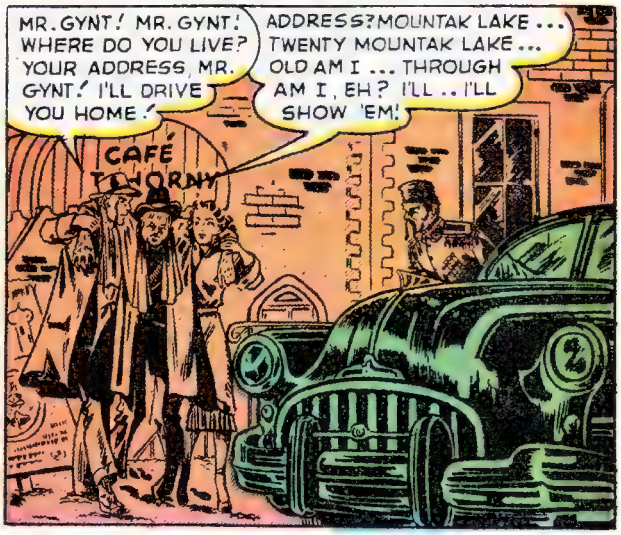
IT WAS A STRANGE NIGHT, SOMEWHAT COLDER THAN MOST. THERE WAS AN EERIE, UNNATURAL WAIL TO THE WIND ... A BLANKET OF SNOW AS WHITE AS THE SHROUD OF THE DEAD. A YOUNG MAN INNOCENTLY APPROACHED THE HOUSE, UNAWARE THAT ONCE HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD, HE COULD NOT EMERGE WITHOUT FACING THE HORROR THAT LAY WAITING BEHIND ...
The LOCKED DOOR
AS TOM DALY SAT WITH EMILY COLES, HIS FIANCÉE, IN A SMALL CANDLELIGHT RESTAURANT ON THE BOHEMIAN SIDE OF TOWN ...
WHY MUST YOU GET SO OVERWROUGHT?
BUT IF ONLY YOU'D PAINT THE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS YOU DO SO WELL, WE COULD EASILY HAVE THE MONEY TO MARRY! MAGAZINES ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR ILLUSTRATORS OF THAT KIND!
WHY DO YOU INSIST UPON PAINTING THE GROTESQUE -- THE HIDEOUS -- THE MACABRE?
BECAUSE IT FASCINATES ME, EMILY!

Worlds of Fear #6, September 1952. Attributed to Ed Waldman . Publisher: Fawcett.


THE YOUNG MAN'S EYES WERE TWIN DARTS AGLEAM IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT, AND THE GIRL SHUDDERED INVOLUNTARILY!!
TOM-- DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT! IT FRIGHTENS ME!
I CAN'T HELP IT, EMILY! THAT IS THE WORK I WANT TO DO! DO YOU REMEMBER PETER GYNT, THE ARTIST WHO -- OH!

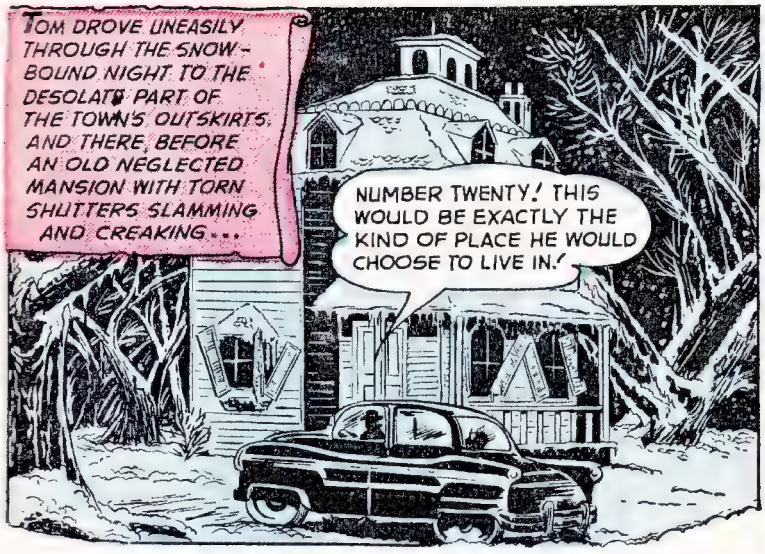
WHAT IS IT, TOM? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT MAN .. IT'S PETER GYNT! YES.. I'M SURE!

THIS IS THE MAN YOU WANT TO EMULATE? OH, TOM-- NO!
YOU SHOULD SEE THE TERRIBLE FANTASY OF HIS CANVASSES.. CHARACTERS LIKE LIVING BEINGS FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD! COME HELP ME GET HIM UP!


MR. GYNT! MR. GYNT! WHERE DO YOU LIVE? YOUR ADDRESS, MR. GYNT! I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!
ADDRESS? MOUNTAK LAKE ... TWENTY MOUNTAK LAKE ... OLD AM I ... THROUGH AM I, EH? I'LL .. I'LL SHOW 'EM!
CAFÉ TORNY

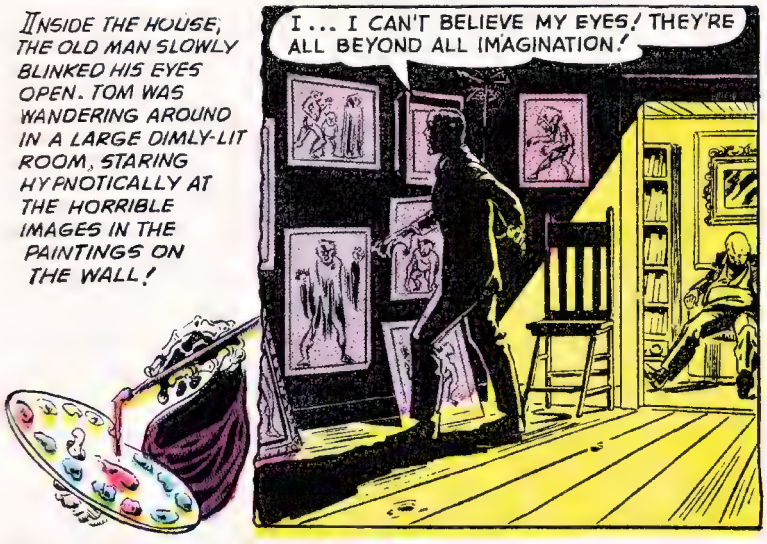
IT WAS WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY THAT THEY MANAGED TO GET THE PONDEROUS PETER GYNT IN THE CAR. HE MUTTERED INCOHERENTLY IN A DRUNKEN SLEEP AS THE YOUNG ARTIST STOPPED FIRST AT HIS FIANCÉE'S HOUSE.

DON'T WORRY, DARLING -- I'LL BE CAREFUL DRIVING! GOOD NIGHT NOW! SEE YOU TOMORROW!
M... MY GENIUS GONE, EH? THEY WILL SOON SEE!


TOM DROVE UNEASILY THROUGH THE SNOW-BOUND NIGHT TO THE DESOLATE PART OF THE TOWN'S OUTSKIRTS, AND THERE, BEFORE AN OLD NEGLECTED MANSION WITH TORN SHUTTERS SLAMMING AND CREAKING...
NUMBER TWENTY! THIS WOULD BE EXACTLY THE KIND OF PLACE HE WOULD CHOOSE TO LIVE IN!

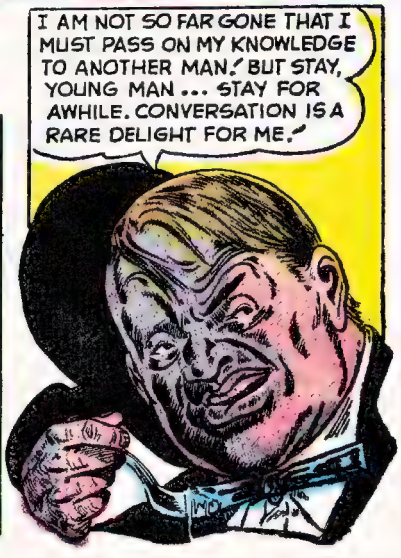
WHAT ATMOSPHERE! ONE CAN ALMOST HEAR THE WHISPERS OF THE DEAD... STRANGE CREATURES WHO LURK BEHIND THE SIGHT OF HUMAN EYES! I COULD PAINT HERE ... YES!

INSIDE THE HOUSE, THE OLD MAN SLOWLY BLINKED HIS EYES OPEN. TOM WAS WANDERING AROUND IN A LARGE DIMLY-LIT ROOM, STARING HYPNOTICALLY AT THE HORRIBLE IMAGES IN THE PAINTINGS ON THE WALL!



BUT THE SLOVENLY HULK OF MAN WAS NOT UNCIVIL FOR LONG! HE BADE TOM JOIN HIM FOR SUPPER!

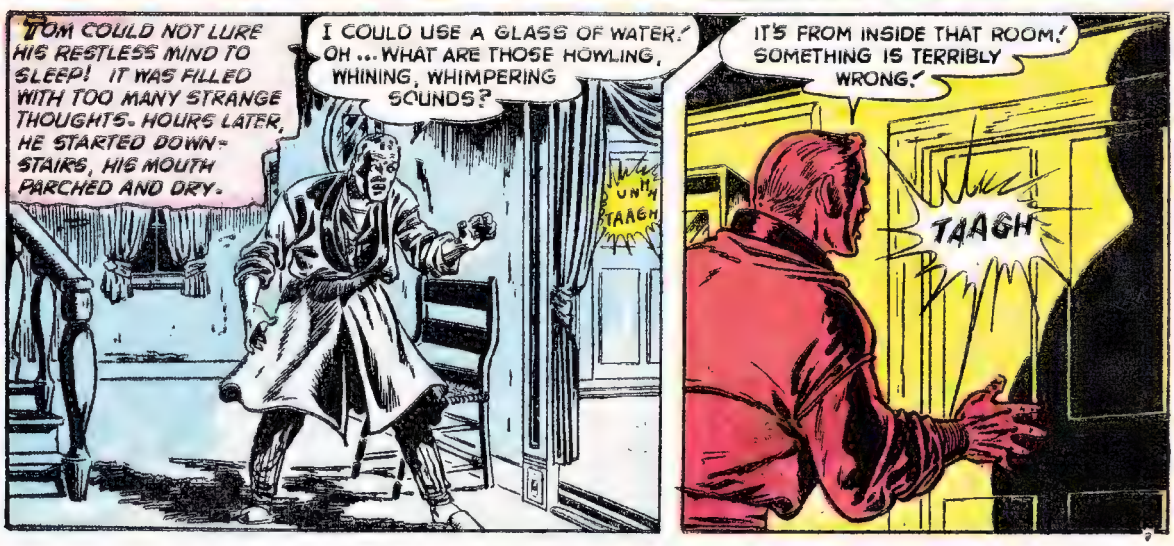
BUT WHY DID YOU TAKE ME HOME FROM THE RESTAURANT, YOUNG MAN? I AM NOT ACCUSTOMED TO SUCH SOLICITOUS CARE!
I'M A PAINTER, TOO, MR. GYNT-- AND I WANT MORE THAN ANY-THING TO BE YOUR PROTÉGÉ!


I AM NOT SO FAR GONE THAT I MUST PASS ON MY KNOWLEDGE TO ANOTHER MAN! BUT STAY, YOUNG MAN ... STAY FOR AWHILE. CONVERSATION IS A RARE DELIGHT FOR ME!

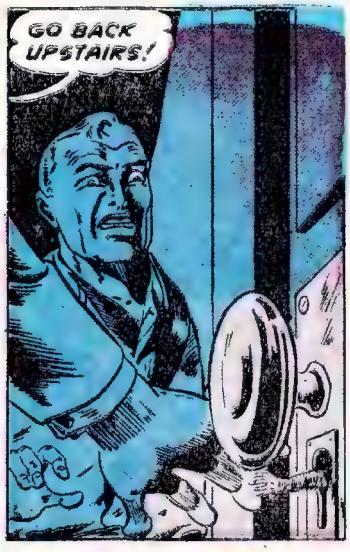
PETER GYNT WARMED TO THE YOUNG MAN'S ADMIRATION AND BECAME MORE VOLUBLE! SUDDENLY, SEEMINGLY WITH NO PROVOCATION, THE ECCENTRIC PAINTER JERKED HIS BODY FORWARD -- AND REACHED UP TO SWAT THE BACK OF HIS OWN NECK!

COME, I WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR ROOM! THE HOUR GROWS LATE!
I MUST HAVE BEEN IMAGINING THINGS!
THANK YOU FOR PUTTING ME UP, MR. GYNT! I APPRECIATE IT!
NO NEED TO MENTION IT! JUST SLEEP WELL -- AND DO NOT UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES ENTER THAT ROOM WITH THE PAINTINGS!

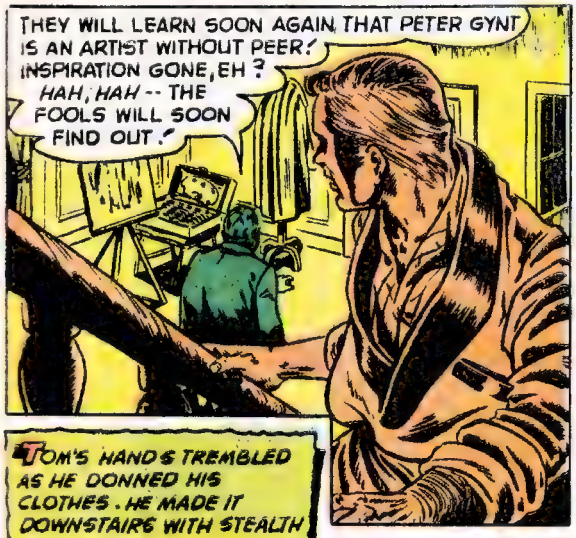
TOM COULD NOT LURE HIS RESTLESS MIND TO SLEEP! IT WAS FILLED WITH TOO MANY STRANGE THOUGHTS. HOURS LATER, HE STARTED DOWNSTAIRS, HIS MOUTH PARCHED AND DRY.

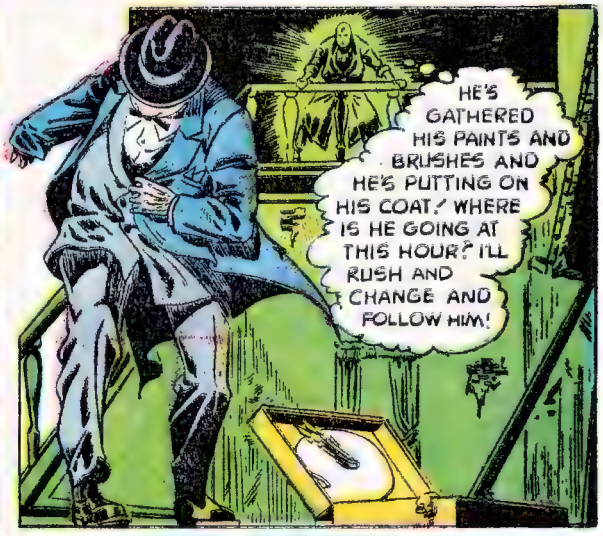

I COULD USE A GLASS OF WATER! OH... WHAT ARE THOSE HOWLING, WHINING, WHIMPERING SOUNDS?
UNH
TAAGH
IT'S FROM INSIDE THAT ROOM! SOMETHING IS TERRIBLY WRONG!
TAAGH

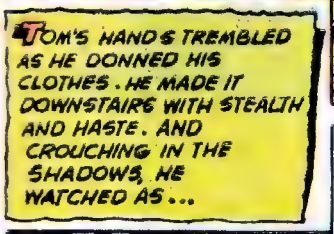
TOM WAS DRAWN TO THE DOOR KNOB'S DULL GLINT! HE REACHED OUT TO TURN IT... BUT THERE WAS A STEP BEHIND HIM, AND THERE STOOD...
GYNT!
NO! YOU CANNOT ENTER THAT ROOM!

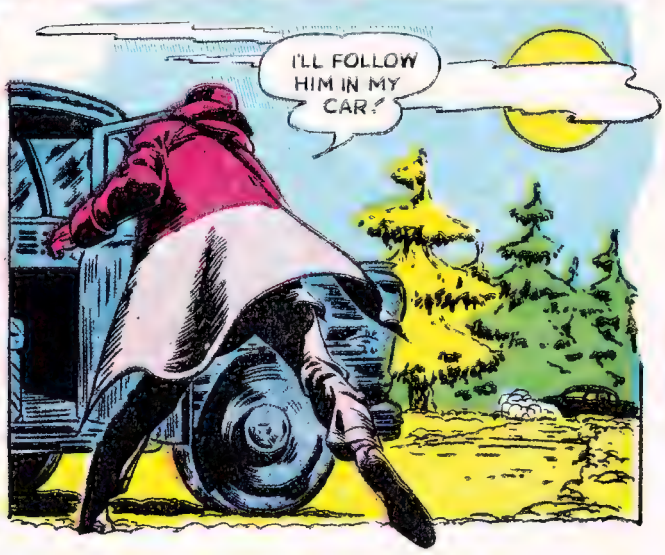

GO BACK UPSTAIRS!

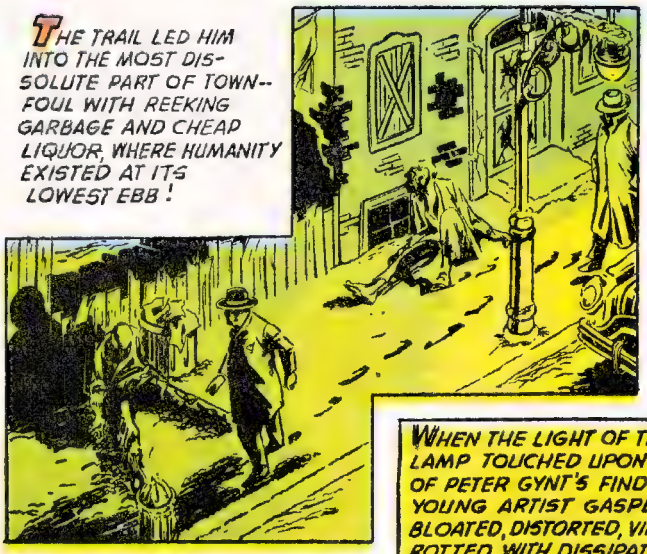
THE NOISE YOU HEARD WAS FROM.. FROM MY DOGS! I KEEP THEM IN THERE AT NIGHT TO GUARD THE PAINTINGS!
I SAW A TINY HAND,.. HUMAN... REACHING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE FROM INSIDE! WHAT CAN IT MEAN?


THEY WILL LEARN SOON AGAIN THAT PETER GYNT IS AN ARTIST WITHOUT PEER! INSPIRATION GONE, EH? HAH, HAH -- THE FOOLS WILL SOON FIND OUT!


HE'S GATHERED HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES AND HE'S PUTTING ON HIS COAT! WHERE IS HE GOING AT THIS HOUR? I'LL RUSH AND CHANGE AND FOLLOW HIM!


TOM'S HANDS TREMBLED AS HE DONNED HIS CLOTHES. HE MADE IT DOWNSTAIRS WITH STEALTH AND HASTE. AND CROUCHING IN THE SHADOWS, HE WATCHED AS...


I'LL FOLLOW HIM IN MY CAR!


THE TRAIL LED HIM INTO THE MOST DISSOLUTE PART OF TOWN--FOUL WITH REEKING GARBAGE AND CHEAP LIQUOR, WHERE HUMANITY EXISTED AT ITS LOWEST EBB!

BUT WHY IS HE STALKING THE STREET LIKE SOME ANIMAL OF PREY, LOOKING IN ALLEYWAYS ON CURBS, IN GUTTERS, STARING AT EVERY DERELICT?

AHH! AT LAST! THIS ONE WILL DO!

WHEN THE LIGHT OF THE STREET LAMP TOUCHED UPON THE FACE OF PETER GYNT'S FIND... THE YOUNG ARTIST GASPED. IT WAS BLOATED, DISTORTED, VIRTUALLY ROTTED WITH DISSIPATION!

HE'S DEPOSITING HIM IN HIS CAR! HE ISN'T THROUGH YET! HE'S GOING ACROSS TO THAT BAR!

GET OUT! THE SIGHT OF YOU MAKES MY CUSTOMERS SICK!
WAIT! THAT MAN IS A FRIEND OF MINE! SET HIM UP A DRINK!

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER! HE SHALL COME TO MY HOUSE AS MY GUEST!
OKAY--YOU DO THE PAYING, MISTER!

STANDING THERE PRESENTLY, WAITING IMPATIENTLY IN THE SHADOWS OF THE HUGE EMPTY HOUSE, TOM FELT A FLESH-CLAWING SENSE OF UNREALITY ABOUT THE EVENTS OF THIS NIGHT. GYNT HAD RETURNED, PROPPED UP HIS LIMP AND HELPLESS MODELS BEFORE HIS EASEL, AND-

SO THIS IS WHERE HE GETS HIS INSPIRATION... REAL PEOPLE! BUT HOW DOES HE ACHIEVE THE EXTRAORDINARY HIDEOUS, LIFE-LIKE QUALITY IN HIS PAINTINGS?

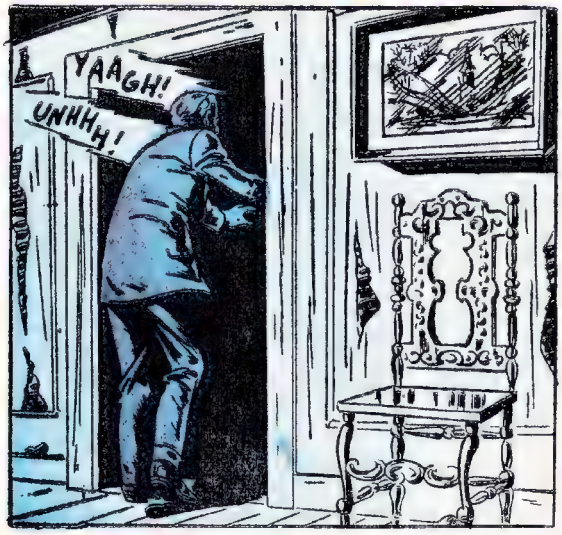
TOM BIT HIS FINGER TO STIFLE THE HORROR OF THE SCENE BEFORE HIM! PETER GYNT WAS PAINTING FURIOUSLY... AND THE SUBJECTS WERE COMING TO BRILLIANT HIDEOUS CLARITY ON THE CANVAS!

YOU...! YOU HAVE SEEN ME! YOU KNOW MY SECRET! LIFE IS MATTER AND MATTER ENERGY! WHILE THE ENERGY ESCAPES FROM THE DYING BODY, I CAPTURE IT ON MY CANVAS, THE PAINTS MINGLED WITH THE BLOOD OF MY MODELS!

I DO NOT MERELY PAINT! I RECREATE LIFE ON MY CANVASSES! HAS SUCH AN ARTIST EVER LIVED?
Burning with the fever of his inspiration, Peter Gynt did not pause long from the evil fruit of his hands! He ignored the young man who stumbled forward in a stupor
CAN THIS BE TRUE? IS EACH OF HIS PAINTINGS LOCKED IN THAT ROOM, A LIVE AND BREATHING THING, OR IS THIS SOME FANTASTIC ABERRATION OF MY BRAIN?

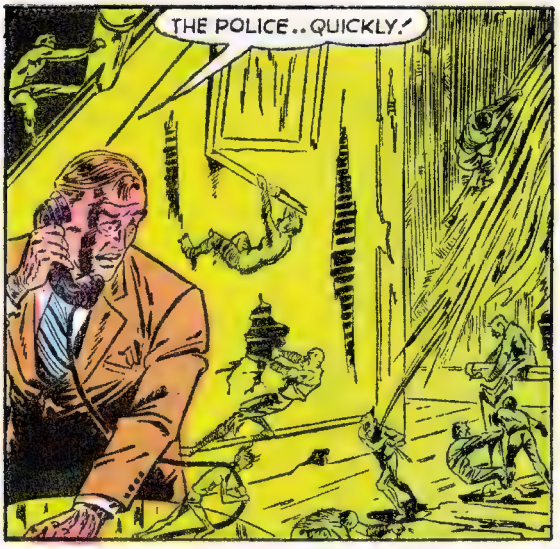
I MUST KNOW! THOSE VOICES EARLIER -- WERE THEY TRULY DOGS? HERE'S THE ROOM! I WILL SEE FOR MYSELF!

PETER GYNT WAS TOO INTENT UPON HIS FRIGHTENING WORK TO NOTICE HIS VISITOR'S TRESPASS! IN A MOMENT -- THE DOOR WAS OPEN!
COMPLETE BLACKNESS! I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!

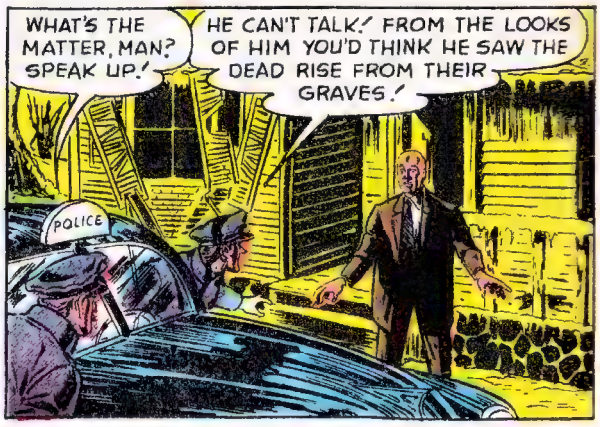

YAAGH!
UNHHH!

UGH! THINGS RUSHING, BRUSHING PAST ME, HANGING ON TO MY CLOTHES! THE LIGHT! WHERE IS THE LIGHT?

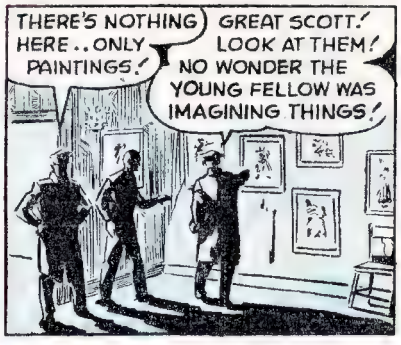
THE BRIGHT LIGHT ILLUMINATED THE ROOM LIKE THE GHASTLY FIRES OF HADES, DISCLOSING THE MILLING, PUSHING, SQUEALING LITTLE CREATURES... WHOSE SIGHT AND TOUCH DROVE TOM DALY TO THE VERY RIM OF MADNESS! TERROR MOMENTARILY IMMOBILIZED HIM -- AND THEN HIS SCREAMS CAME IN CONVULSIVE GASPS! THE SUBJECTS OF THE PAINTINGS HAD COME TO SUDDEN, NERVE-SHATTERING LIFE!
AIEEEEEEEEE! NO! NO!
THEY'RE GOING FOR GYNT! IT'S HIM THEY WANT!
THE HORRIBLE BEINGS SWARMED OVER PETER GYNT LIKE CONSUMING ANTS... BITING, POKING, TORTURING HIM!
HELP ME! HELP ME!

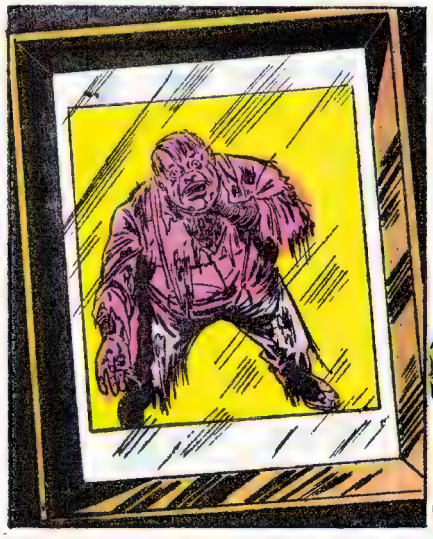


THE YOUNG ARTIST DROPPED THE RECEIVER FROM HIS TREMBLING FINGERS AND RAN OUT INTO THE OPEN AIR. MINUTES LATER, UPON THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE, HE WAS STILL TOO SHAKEN FOR RATIONAL TALK.



INSIDE WHERE SHORT MOMENTS AGO THE FURY OF SOME UNNATURAL WORLD WAS UNLEASHED, THERE WAS NOW STILLNESS... NOTHING WAS IN DISARRAY. GYNT AND HIS MODELS WERE GONE! AND ON THE WALL IN **THE ROOM** ...





GYNT'S OBESE VISAGE WAS CREASED WITH THE HORROR OF WHAT HAD KILLED HIM! TOM COULD SAY NOTHING.. IT WAS BEYOND WORDS! BUT THE CHANGE THIS SOUL-RENDING EPISODE WROUGHT IN TOM WAS OBVIOUS SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, WHEN...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY, DARLING!
I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER, TOM, BUT I GUESS I'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHY YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND SO SUDDENLY ABOUT PAINTING THOSE HORRIBLE SUBJECTS!

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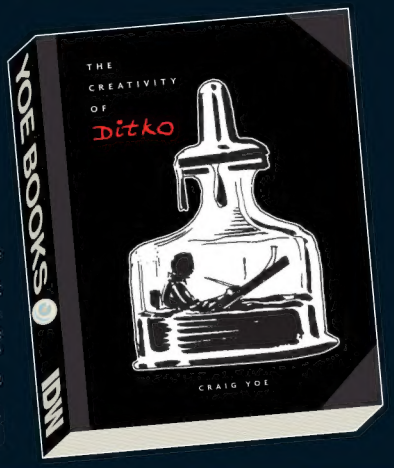

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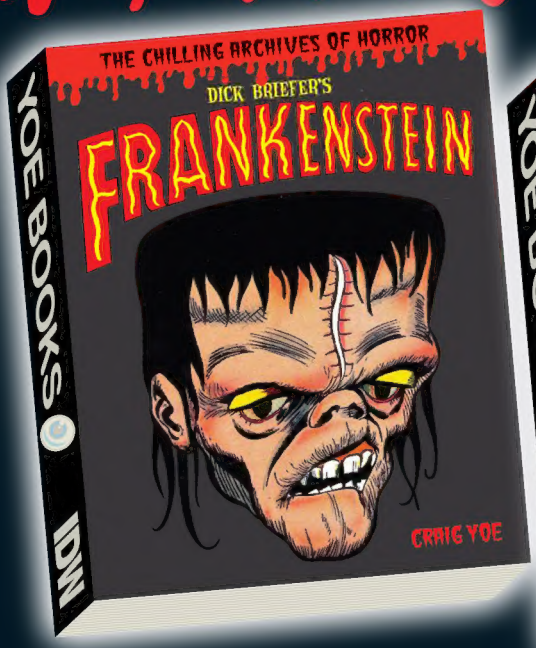

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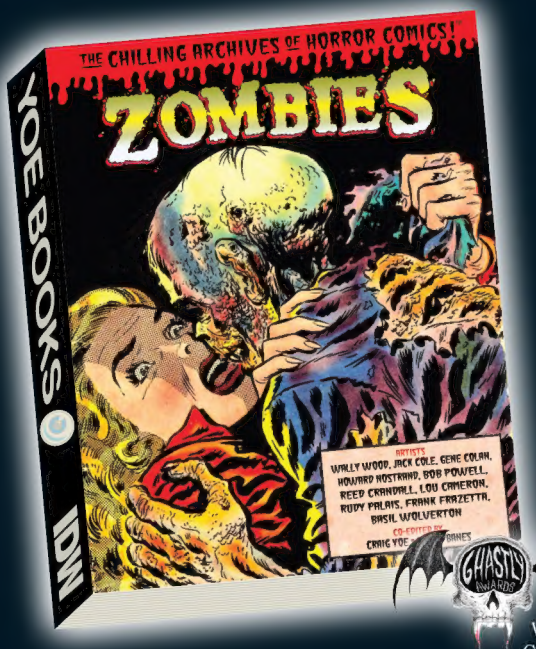
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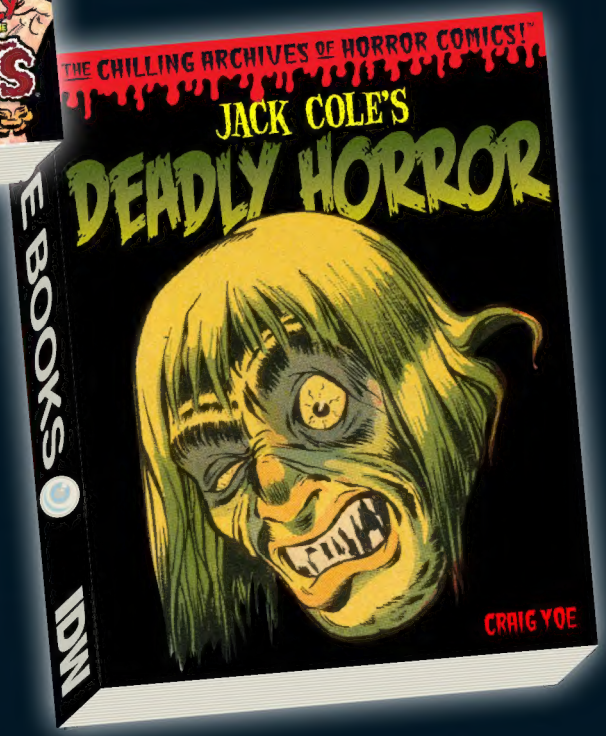

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